The book cover features a dark, textured background with a large, ornate floral border. The border is composed of stylized leaves and flowers, framing the central text. The text is arranged in a vertical stack within the center of the cover.

THE
RATIONAL METHOD
- IN -
READING

EDWARD G. WARD

FIFTH READER

JOHN W. NOLAN & COMPANY

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THE RATIONAL METHOD IN READING.

PRIMER.

Material: Conversations.

**First
Year.**

PART I. — Reading by the Word Method.

PART II. — Sight and Phonetic Reading Combined.

FIRST READER.

Material: Conversations and Stories.

PART I. — Sight and Phonetic Reading. Largely Review Exercises.

PART II. — Sight and Phonetic Reading. Advance Work.

SECOND READER.

Material: Stories and Poetry. Literary and Ethical.

**Second
Year.**

PART I. — Sight and Phonetic Reading. Advance Work.

PART II. — Sight and Phonetic Reading. The Remaining Phonograms.
Reading with All the Phonograms.

THIRD READER.

*Material: Stories, Poetry, etc., from History, Folklore, and
Standard Fiction. Literary and Ethical.*

Sight and Phonetic Reading. Diacritical Marks omitted from the easier
and more familiar Phonetic Words.

FOURTH READER.

*Material: Stories, Poetry, etc., from History, Folklore,
and Fiction. Literary and Ethical.*

**Third
Year.**

Sight and Phonetic Reading. Diacritical Marks omitted from the Read-
ing Text. Blend Drills on Marked Words at the head of each Lesson.

FIFTH READER.

*Material: Literary, Ethical, Historical, Mythological,
in Prose and Poetry.*

All Diacritical Marks omitted.

MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR TEACHERS.

PHONETIC CARDS —

FIRST SET. To Accompany the Primer.

SECOND SET. To Accompany the First Reader.

THIRD SET. To Accompany the Second Reader.



From the painting by Lenepveu.

JOAN OF ARC LEADING THE CHARGE AT ORLEANS.

THE RATIONAL METHOD IN READING

*AN ORIGINAL PRESENTATION OF SIGHT AND SOUND WORK
THAT LEADS RAPIDLY TO INDEPENDENT AND
INTELLIGENT READING*

BY

EDWARD G. WARD

LATE SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

COMPLETED BY

WILLIAM L. FELTER, PH.D.

PRINCIPAL OF THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

AND

MARY A. WARD

PRINCIPAL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL No. 89, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Fifth Reader

(SIXTH HALF YEAR'S WORK)

DIACRITICAL MARKS OMITTED FROM THE READING TEXT



SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY

NEW YORK

BOSTON

CHICAGO

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PREFACE.

THE course of reading laid out by the author of this series of books is completed with this Reader. The plan of the book was fully determined upon and its outlines were sketched during Mr. Ward's lifetime. The many cares of his office compelled him to defer the making of the book ; but Dr. William L. Felter, Principal of the Girls' High School, Brooklyn, formerly Associate Superintendent of Schools, and Miss Mary A. Ward, Principal of Public School No. 89, Brooklyn, who have undertaken to complete his work, have endeavored to catch his spirit and develop his plans. Some of the selections were passed upon by him.

The subject-matter is of the same general variety that has been found in the previous books of the series, but pieces of increased difficulty have been selected. The ethical element remains the dominant one, but literary form has been considered of no less importance. The minds of the children of the age for which this Reader is adapted turn naturally to tales of adventure and romance. The stories from mythology and history will appeal directly to them.

It will be observed that no diacritical marks are found in this Reader. The book may be regarded as a test of the method, and there can be little or no doubt that a child well grounded in the phonograms and knowing the sight words, having read the previous books of the series, will readily master the contents of this Reader.

Every class presents its own peculiar difficulties to the teacher, who will plan to meet and overcome them. Let each teacher prepare the reading lesson, marking diacritically upon the blackboard the words likely to need special attention. Let these words be drilled

upon and their meaning made clear before the reading of the lesson is undertaken. Here, as elsewhere, preparation is the key to success.

The absence of diacritical marks makes it possible to use this book for supplementary reading in connection with any series.

Acknowledgment is made in various places in the book to publishers who have allowed the use of certain selections. Acknowledgment is also due to Katharine Lee Bates for having granted permission for the use of her "Vacation Song"; to the Frank Leslie Publishing Company for "Columbus"; to E. Steiger for the use of "Old Santa Claus"; to the Henry Altemus Company for the use of "A Mad Tea-party"; and to Rossiter W. Raymond for permission to adapt and use "One Cent."

"Born in Prison" and "The Complaint of the Chrysalis" are taken from "Moths and Butterflies," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and used by their permission and by the courtesy of Addison Ballard.

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FIFTH READER.



LESSON I.

A Gift from Frigga.



THERE lived, long years ago, a peasant and his wife, who led a quiet, busy life on their little farm at the foot of a mountain. While the wife was busy indoors with her housework, her husband watched his flocks in the fields, or sometimes wandered up the mountain-side to hunt for game, which he would carry home for dinner.

One day he had strayed farther than usual, and found himself on the top of the mountain, where the ground was covered with ice and snow. All at once he came upon a high arched doorway opening into a great glacier, and he passed through to see whither it might lead.

The passageway widened out into a wonderful cavern, like a broad hall, sparkling with precious stones, and long, shining stalactites, that looked like icicles of marble. In the midst stood a beautiful goddess, surrounded by fair maidens, all dressed in silvery robes, and crowned with flowers.

The shepherd was so overcome by the wonder of this sight that he sank upon his knees. Then the goddess stretched forth her hands and gave him her blessing, telling him to choose whatever he wished, to carry home from the cavern. The man was no longer afraid when he heard her kind voice speaking to him; so he looked about, and at last humbly asked to have the pretty blue flowers which the fair one held in her hand.

The lovely goddess Frigga, or Holda, as the German people called her, smiled kindly, and told the poor shepherd he had made a wise choice. She gave him her bunch of blue flowers, with a measure of seed, saying to him, "You will live and be prosperous so long as the flowers do not fade."

The peasant bowed thankfully before the goddess, and when he rose she had vanished, and he was alone

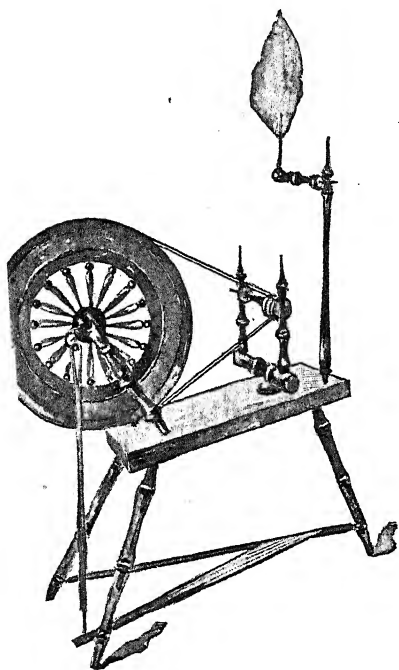
on the mountain-side, just as usual, with no cavern, no sparkling stones, and no fair maidens to be seen. If it had not been for the pretty blue flowers and the measure of seed in his hand, he would have thought it all a dream.

He hurried homeward to tell his wife, who was angry when she heard the story, for she thought he had made such a foolish choice. "How much better it would have been," said she, "if you had brought home some of those precious stones you tell about, which are worth money, instead of these good-for-nothing flowers!"

The poor man bore her angry words quietly, and made the best of what he had. He went to work at once to sow his seeds, which he found, to his surprise, were enough to plant several fields.

Every morning before he led his flock to pasture, and on his way home at night, he watched the little green shoots growing in his fields. Even his wife was pleased when she saw the lovely blue blossoms of the flax opening; then, after they had withered and fallen, the seeds formed. Sometimes it seemed to the good man, as he stood in the twilight looking over his field,

that he saw a misty form, like the beautiful goddess, stretching out her hands over the field of flax, to give it her blessing.



A SPINNING-WHEEL.

When at length the seeds had ripened, Frigga came again to show the peasant how to gather his harvest of flax, and to teach his wife to spin and weave it into fine linen, which she bleached in the sun. The people came from far and near to buy the linen, and the peasant and his wife found themselves busy and happy, with money enough and to spare.

When they had lived many years, and were growing old among their children and grandchildren, the peasant noticed one day that the blue flowers, given to him so many years before, and which had always kept bright, were beginning to fade; then he knew he had not much longer to stay.

He climbed slowly up the mountain-side, and found

the door of the cavern open. A second time he went in, and the kind goddess Frigga took the peasant by the hand, and led him away to stay with her, where she always took care of him.

—From “Asgard Stories,” by MARY H. FOSTER and MABEL H. CUMMINGS.



LESSON II.

A Story of Madame Malibran.

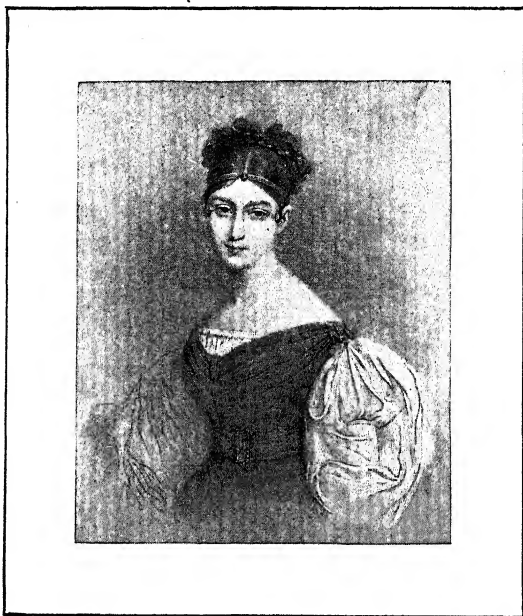
A LITTLE French boy, Pierre¹ by name, or as we would call him in English, Peter, sat in a room in London. He was leaning against the window, with a sad look upon his face, and gazing into the dingy streets.

He was thinking of Madame Malibran, the great singer. Her fame had gone throughout Europe, and thousands had been charmed with her beautiful voice. Pierre said to himself, “If she would only sing my little song to the people, somebody would then take it of me, and then what bread and meat I could buy! Mother would get well again, and—but I will go and ask the beautiful singer myself,” he added. In a

¹Pi èrre’.

minute he had taken his cap and his song, and was running out upon his errand.

Madame Malibran was surprised when her maid told her that Pierre had come. "A little boy wishes to see



MADAME MALIBRAN.

me?" she asked. "I can never refuse to see children; bring him to me."

Little Pierre was shown in by the maid. "I came," he said. "because my dear mother is so ill, and we are

so in need of food. I thought maybe you would sing my song at one of your grand concerts. Then the people would buy it, and I could get some food and medicine to make my mother well."

Tears came into the eyes of the little boy as he spoke. They came into the eyes of the beautiful singer as well.

"Did you compose this little song?" she asked, as she took the roll of music from his hand.

"Yes," answered Pierre. "It is my work."

"And you would like me to sing it at my concert?"

"Yes," replied Pierre.

That same evening the little French boy sat in the great concert hall. Never before in all his life had he been in such a fine place. The lights flashed brilliantly, and the rich ladies with rustling silk dresses and sparkling diamonds added to the beauty of the scene.

Finally Madame Malibran herself came forward on the stage. The orchestra struck up a soft, sweet, tender melody. The great singer began, and the crowded house listened to every sound. It was Pierre's song! He knew it! Oh, how sweetly she sang it, and how long the people applauded! The child was quite carried

away with joy. Madame Malibran, the greatest singer in Europe, had sung his song, and thousands of listeners had been charmed with it!

The following morning, Madame Malibran did Pierre the honor of calling, in her carriage, at the door of his wretched little home.

Placing her hand upon his golden curls, and turning to the sick mother, she said: "Madam, your little Pierre has brought you a fortune. This morning I was offered, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds in gold for this little song, and after he has sold a certain number of copies, your boy is to share in the profits. Thank God, madam, that your son has this great gift from heaven."

Food, medicine, and a comfortable home were never wanting to Pierre and his mother from that time on. The great and good singer never forgot him.

Honor and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part — there all the honor lies.

— ALEXANDER POPE

LESSON III.

Hiawatha's Childhood.

PART I.

AT the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha ;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder ;
“ Minne-wawa ! ” said the pine trees.
“ Mudway-aushka ! ” said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him :
“ Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,

Ere in sleep I close my eyelids ! ”

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, “ What is that, Nokomis ? ”
And the good Nokomis answered :
“ Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight ;
Right against the moon he threw her ;
’Tis her body that you see there . ”

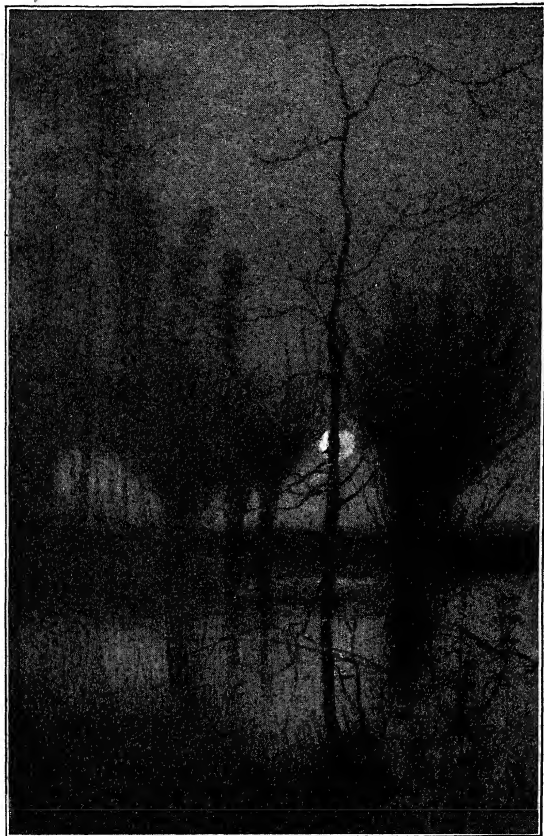
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, “ What is that, Nokomis ? ”
And the good Nokomis answered :
“ ’Tis the heaven of flowers you see there ;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us . ”

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
“ What is that ? ” he cried in terror ;

“What is that,” he said, “Nokomis?”

And the good Nokomis answered:

“That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,



“SAW THE MOON RISE FROM THE WATER.”

Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."



A Birch Bark Canoe.



"WHERE THE SQUIRRELS HID THEIR ACORNS."

LESSON IV.

Hiawatha's Childhood.

PART II.

THEN Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha ;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak bough made the arrows,

Tipped with flint and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha :

“ Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers ! ”

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;
And the birds sang round him, o’er him,
“ Do not shoot us, Hiawatha ! ”

* * * * *

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
“ Do not shoot me, Hiawatha ! ”

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer ;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,

To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

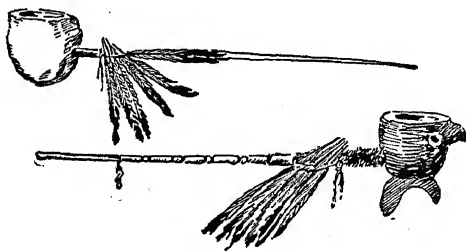
Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow ;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;
Ah ! the singing, fatal arrow ;
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him !

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river ;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha.

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



Indian Pipes.

LESSON V.

Joan of Arc.

PART I.



ONCE upon a time there lived, in a little village of France, a girl named Joan of Arc. She was a good and kind girl. She used to sit and sew by her mother's side, or go out to tend her father's sheep in the fields.

Birds and beasts knew her well, because she was so kind to them. They would come when she called them, and feed out of her hands. She had pleasant ways with sick people and with people poorer than herself. She loved to pray and to go to church, and she was glad when she heard the church bell ring.

While she was growing up, her country was falling into worse and worse trouble. The king of England had, for a long time, been trying to conquer it. He said that he had a right to be king of France. He had no right at all, and he brought misery to thousands of poor people who had never done him any harm.

He died in the midst of the war, leaving a tiny baby boy to be king in his stead, and telling his brother, the Duke of Bedford, to go on trying to conquer France.

Joan and her father and mother saw a great deal of the war. They had to flee into the woods from bands of soldiers, and when they came back, they found their home burned and their goods gone.

All the north of France was like a desert. The people used to flock into the towns, till the towns became afraid of having too many to feed, and shut their gates against them. Then, not knowing what to do, they went to live in the woods and became robbers. All this made things worse for poor France.

The lords and other great men, too, could not agree among themselves, and many of them went over to the side of the English, and fought against their own country.

There was no rightful king in France. The king was just dead, and his eldest son was a selfish young man, who loved himself more than he loved France. His name was Charles, and he was always called the *dauphin*, which was the name given to the eldest son of the king of France.

Joan was so sad about the French people that at last she could think of nothing else. She heard of thousands dying in Paris alone, of want and sickness. People who were sick and hurt would come past the cottage where she lived, and again and again she took them in. She gave up her own bed to them, and nursed them till they were well.

Then she began to dream strange dreams. She thought that an angel came to her, in her dreams, and told her to go and help the dauphin and save France. "I am only a poor girl," she said, "I know not how to ride to the wars or to lead soldiers." Then it seemed to her that the angel told her not to weep, but to be brave and fear not.

At last she had to make up her mind to go to the dauphin. She thought that she would not be doing God's will if she did not go. She was only eighteen, and her father and all the people who knew her were angry with her, or else they laughed at her. No one would help her on her journey to the place where the dauphin then was.

"I must go," said Joan, "even if I wear my limbs to the very knees. I would much rather rest and spin

by my mother's side; but I must go and help the dauphin, for my Lord wills it." "Who is your Lord?" people asked her. "He is God," she said.

Then a rough captain took her by the hand, and told her that he would lead her to the dauphin. He kept his word, and Joan went to the town where the dauphin lived. The grand people there at first would have nothing to do with her, and she had to wait a long time before the dauphin would see her.

Then she said to him, "Gentle dauphin, God sends me to tell you that you shall be crowned king of France." She had some more talk with him, and Charles at last gave orders that the army should obey Joan the Maid.

She had told him she had received a message from heaven to deliver the city of Orleans which the English had surrounded. The dauphin was glad to receive her help. He wished to drive the English away and go to Rheims, where the kings were crowned, and be crowned himself.

LESSON VI.

Joan of Arc.

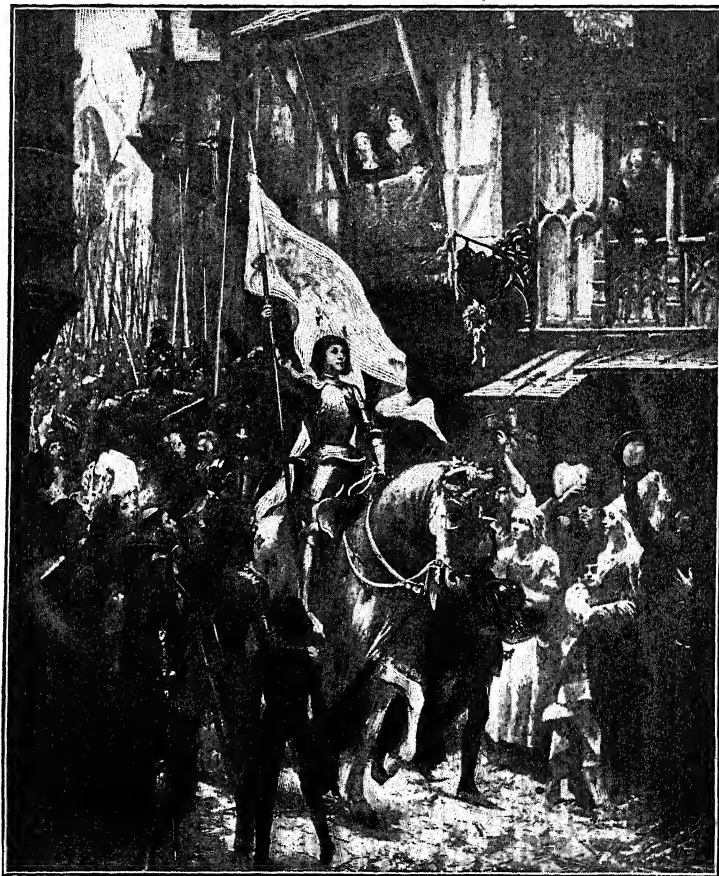
PART II.

JOAN rode upon a white horse, and she was clad in white armor from head to foot. A great white banner on which were worked the golden lilies of France was held over her. The soldiers loved and obeyed her from the first. She did not like to hear them swear, and to see them drinking and doing bad things, and she taught them to be good.

Wherever she went, the people came out to bless and thank her. Sick people often begged her to touch them, thinking that the touch of her hand would cure them; but she would smile and say, "Your touch is just as good as mine."

One of the first things she had to do was to save Orleans, which the English were then trying to take. No one thought she could do it, but she said that it was what God wished, and she went boldly on, leading the French army.

When she came near the city, the English were afraid of this strange girl, and she rode straight



From the Painting by Scherrer.

JOAN OF ARC'S VICTORIOUS ENTRY INTO ORLEANS.

through them and into Orleans. "I bring you," she said to the people inside, "the best help ever sent to any one, the help of the King of heaven."

Then she went to the great church, followed by her soldiers. While the priests sang and prayed, she knelt and wept and gave thanks; and all the people, seeing this, wept with her. The next thing was to drive the English away. They had put up many strong forts all round the town. Joan said that these must be taken; and, day after day, she led the soldiers out against them.

Everything came to pass just as she said it would, and soon every fort was taken but one, the strongest of them all. The chief men in the army were afraid of attacking it, and said that they would wait. But Joan mounted her war horse, and taking her banner, called a few soldiers to go with her. She then ordered the town gates to be thrown open, and rode out against the fort.

The others were so ashamed of themselves that they followed. The English fought very bravely, and the French had hard work to do before the fort was taken.

In trying to climb up the walls of the fort Joan was wounded, and fell back to the ground. Some one carried her into a garden, gave her water, and dressed her wound. She was faint and frightened, but she heard that the French captains had told their men to run back. Then she became as bold as ever.

She begged them not to run away. "Wait a little," she said; "watch my banner, and when it touches the walls you shall enter in." So they went on once more, and Joan's standard bearer pushed on nearer and nearer to the walls of the fort. At last the white banner touched them, and at the same moment a hole was made, the French soldiers got in, and the fort was taken.

Next day the English army left Orleans. Joan took many another town out of their hands, and then she went with the dauphin, and had him crowned king. After that she felt that her work was done. She wished to go home, and keep sheep again with her sisters and brothers; but Charles and his great men could not do without her.

She was very sad in those days, and nothing seemed to go well with her. She had enemies among her own

people, and some of them one day shut the gates of a town against her as she was just coming in, and let the soldiers outside take her prisoner.

She was kept in prison for a year, and treated very harshly; and then she was tried before the judges for being a witch. No one was allowed to speak for her or to help her in any way.

King Charles did nothing to save her. Every one left her alone. And at last she was burned to death in a town of France.

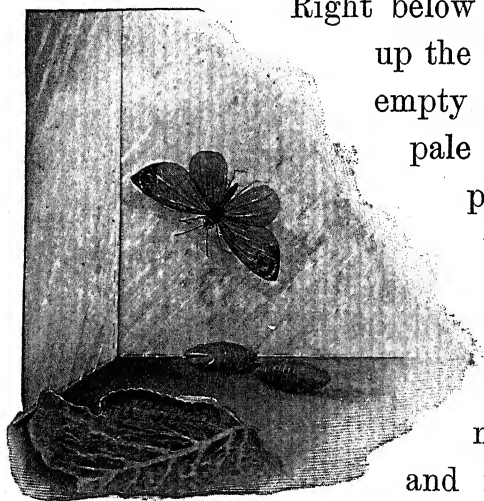
“We are lost!” said an English soldier when he had seen Joan die; “we have burned a saint.” This soldier was the wisest of them all. Everybody else, both French and English, was so foolish at that day as to think that poor Joan was a witch.

From that time the English never did well in France. Before many years were gone they were all turned out, and France was free once more.

LESSON VII.

1. Born in Prison.

I AM only a day old! I wonder if every butterfly comes into the world to find such queer things about him? I was born in prison. I can see right through my walls; but I can't find any door.



"CLOSE BY IT THERE IS ANOTHER
GREEN BOX."

Right below me (for I have climbed up the wall) lies a queer-looking empty box. It is clear, and a pale green. It is all in one piece, only a little slit in the top. I wonder what came out of it. Close by it there is another green box, long and narrow, but not empty, and no slit in the top. I wonder what is in it. Near it is a smooth, green caterpillar, crawling on the edge of a bit of cabbage leaf. I'm afraid that bright light has hurt my eyes. It

was just outside of my prison wall, and bright as the sun. The first thing I remember, even before my wings had opened wide, or I was half through stretching my feet to see if I could use them in climbing, there was a great eye looking at me. Something round was before it, with a handle. I suppose it was a quizzing-glass to see what I was about. I heard somebody say "Oh! Oh!" twice, just as if they wondered I was here. Then they held the great bright light close to the wall, till my eyes were dazzled.

I don't like this prison. It isn't worth while to fly about. It seems as if I ought to have more room. There must be something inside that green box. It moves! I saw it half tip over then, all of itself. I believe that caterpillar is afraid of it. He creeps off slowly toward the wall. How smooth and green he is! How his rings move when he crawls!

Now he has gone up the wall. He has stopped near the roof. How he throws his head from side to side! He is growing broader! He looks just as if he was turning into one of these green boxes! How that box shakes! There, I see it begin to open! There is a slit coming in the back! Something peeps out! A

butterfly's head, I declare! Here it comes—two long feelers, two short ones! Four wings, two round spots on each of the upper pair, and none on the other two. Dressed just like me. I wonder why it hid away in that box?

First Butterfly. — “What made you hide in that green box?”

Second Butterfly. — “What box? I haven't hid anywhere. I don't know what box you mean.”

First Butterfly. — “That one. You just crawled out of it. I saw you.”

Second Butterfly. — “That's the first I knew of it. There are *two* boxes, just alike. *Both* empty. Maybe you were hid in the other!”

First Butterfly. — “Ho! There goes our prison wall! That's the big hand that held the bright light. How good the air feels! Now for a chance to try our wings! Away we go.”

— JULIA P. BALLARD

From “Moths and Butterflies,”

by permission of Addison Ballard and G. P. Putnam's Sons.

2. The Complaint of the Chrysalis.

They are in such a terrible hurry
To see what I'm going to be!
I've heard them all talking it over,
But I fear that they never will see.

They took me from out my dark chamber,¹
Where the light strikes me now all the day;
And if I don't move, then they push me,
To see if I've died by the way!

As soon as my wings get some color
And begin just a little to show,
Beneath my poor helpless brown cover
What is hidden they're crazy to know!

Dame Nature, my kindest of mothers,
I *hope* she will see me safe through;
But I tell you she will not be hurried,
Whatever impatience may do!

¹ The cocoon is often opened without harm to its enclosed chrysalis, that the changes of the latter may be noticed.

If you only would leave me in darkness,
In quiet and silence to rest,
I'd burst on you some pleasant morning
In perfection of beauty full dressed.

But I think that last touch on my shoulder
Has injured a delicate wing,
And I tremble to think of your waiting
To welcome a poor blighted thing.

I should like just the chance once to show you
How lovely a moth can appear
Who has slept undisturbed in his casket
His little two thirds of a year.

— JULIA P. BALLARD.

From "Moths and Butterflies,"

by permission of Addison Ballard and G. P. Putnam's Sons.

He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man, and bird, and beast ;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

— S. T. COLERIDGE.

LESSON VIII.

Tilly's Christmas.

PART I.

“I’M so glad to-morrow is Christmas, because I’m going to have lots of presents.”

“So am I glad; though I don’t expect any presents but a pair of mittens.”

“And so am I; but I shan’t have any presents at all.”

As the three little girls trudged home from school they said these things, and as Tilly spoke, both the others looked at her with pity and some surprise, for she spoke cheerfully, and they wondered how she could be happy when she was so poor she could have no presents on Christmas.

“Don’t you wish you could find a purse full of money right here in the path?” said Kate, the child who was going to have “lots of presents.”

“Oh, don’t I! if I could keep it honestly,” and Tilly’s eyes shone at the very thought.

“What would you buy?” asked Bessy, rubbing her cold hands, and longing for her mittens.

“I’d buy a pair of large, warm blankets, a load of

wood, a shawl for mother, and a pair of shoes for me ; and if there was enough left, I'd give Bessy a new hat, and then she needn't wear Ben's old felt one," answered Tilly.

The girls laughed at that ; but Bessy pulled the funny hat over her ears, and said she was much obliged, but she'd rather have candy.

" Let's look, and maybe we *can* find a purse. People are always going about with money at Christmas time, and some one may lose it here," said Kate.

So, as they went along the snowy road, they looked about them, half in earnest, half in fun. Suddenly Tilly sprang forward, exclaiming, —

" I see it ! I've found it ! "

The others followed, but all stopped, disappointed ; for it wasn't a purse, it was only a little bird. It lay upon the snow with its wings spread, and feebly fluttering, as if too weak to fly. Its little feet were benumbed with cold ; its once bright eyes were dull with pain, and instead of a blithe song, it could only utter a faint chirp, now and then, as if crying for help.

" Nothing but a stupid old robin ; how provoking ! " cried Kate, sitting down to rest.

“I shan’t touch it. I found one once, and took care of it, and the ungrateful thing flew away the minute it was well,” said Bessy, creeping under Kate’s shawl, and putting her hands under her chin to warm them.

“Poor little birdie! How pitiful he looks, and how glad he must be to see some one coming to help him! I’ll take him up gently, and carry him home to mother. Don’t be frightened, dear, I’m your friend;” and Tilly knelt down in the snow, stretching out her hand to the bird with the tenderest pity in her face.

Kate and Bessy laughed.

“Don’t stop for that thing; it’s getting late and cold: let’s go on and look for the purse,” they said, moving away.

“You wouldn’t leave it to die!” cried Tilly. “I’d rather have the bird than the money, so I shan’t look any more. The purse wouldn’t be mine, and I should only be tempted to keep it; but this poor thing will thank and love me, and I’m so glad I came in time.”

Gently lifting the bird, Tilly felt its tiny cold claws cling to her hand, and saw its dim eyes brighten as it nestled down with a grateful chirp.

“Now I’ve got a Christmas present after all,” she

said, smiling, as they walked on. "I always wanted a bird, and this one will be such a pretty pet for me."

"He'll fly away the first chance he gets, and die anyhow; so you'd better not waste your time over him," said Bessy.



"THIS BIRD IS MY LITTLE NEIGHBOR."

"He can't pay you for taking care of him, and my mother says it isn't worth while to help folks that can't help us," added Kate.

"My mother says, 'Do as you'd be done by'; and I'm sure I'd like any one to help me if I was dying of

cold and hunger. 'Love your neighbor as yourself,' is another of her sayings. This bird is my little neighbor, and I'll love him and care for him, as I often wish our rich neighbor would love and care for us," answered Tilly, breathing her warm breath over the benumbed bird, who looked up at her with confiding eyes, quick to feel and know a friend.

"What a funny girl you are," said Kate; "caring for that silly bird, and talking about loving your neighbor in that sober way. Mr. King don't care a bit for you, and never will, though he knows how poor you are; so I don't think your plan amounts to much."

"I believe it, though; and shall do my part, anyway. Good night. I hope you'll have a merry Christmas, and lots of pretty things," answered Tilly, as they parted.

— LOUISA M. ALCOTT.



LESSON IX.

Tilly's Christmas.

PART II.

HER eyes were full, and she felt so poor as she went on alone toward the little old house where she lived. It would have been so pleasant to know that she was going to have some of the pretty things all children love to find in their full stockings on Christmas morning. And pleasanter still to have been able to give her mother something nice. So many comforts were needed, and there was no hope of getting them; for they could barely get food and fire.

“Never mind, birdie, we’ll make the best of what we have, and be merry in spite of everything. *You* shall have a happy Christmas, anyway; and I know God won’t forget us, if every one else does.”

She stopped a minute to wipe her eyes, and lean her cheek against the bird’s soft breast, finding great comfort in the little creature, though it could only love her, nothing more.

“See, mother, what a nice present I’ve found,” she

cried, going in with a cheery face that was like sunshine in the dark room.

“I’m glad of that, dearie; for I haven’t been able to get my little girl anything but a rosy apple. Poor bird! Give it some of your warm bread and milk.”

“Why, mother, what a big bowlful! I’m afraid you gave me all the milk,” said Tilly, smiling over the nice, steaming supper that stood ready for her.

“I’ve had plenty, dear. Sit down and dry your wet feet, and put the bird in my basket on this warm flannel.”

Tilly peeped into the closet and saw nothing there but dry bread.

“Mother’s given me all the milk, and is going without her tea, ’cause she knows I’m hungry. Now I’ll surprise her, and she shall have a good supper, too. She is going to split wood, and I’ll fix it while she’s gone.”

So Tilly put down the old teapot, carefully poured out a part of the milk, and from her pocket produced a great, plummy bun that one of the school children had given her and she had saved for her mother. A slice of the dry bread was nicely toasted, and the bit of

butter set by for her put on it. When her mother came in there was the table drawn up in a warm place, a hot cup of tea ready, and Tilly and birdie waiting for her.

Such a poor little supper, and yet such a happy one; for love, charity, and contentment were guests there, and that Christmas eve was a blither one than that up at the great house, where lights shone, fires blazed, a great tree glittered, and music sounded, as the children danced and played.

“We must go to bed early, for we’ve only wood enough to last over to-morrow. I shall be paid for my work the day after, and then we can get some,” said Tilly’s mother, as they sat by the fire.

“If my bird was only a fairy bird, and would give us three wishes, how nice it would be! Poor dear, he can’t give me anything; but it’s no matter,” answered Tilly, looking at the robin, who lay in the basket with his head under his wing, a mere feathery bunch.

“He can give you one thing, Tilly — the pleasure of doing good. That is one of the sweetest things in life; and the poor can enjoy it as well as the rich.”

As her mother spoke, with her tired hand softly stroking her little daughter’s hair, Tilly suddenly

started and pointed to the window, saying in a frightened whisper, —

“I saw a face, — a man’s face, looking in! It’s gone now; but I truly saw it.”

“Some traveler attracted by the light, perhaps. I’ll go and see.” And Tilly’s mother went to the door.

No one was there. The wind blew cold, the stars shone, the snow lay white on field and wood, and the Christmas moon was glittering in the sky.

“What sort of a face was it?” asked Tilly’s mother, coming back.

“A pleasant sort of a face, I think; but I was so startled I don’t quite know what it was like. I wish we had a curtain there,” said Tilly.

“I’d like to have our light shine out in the evening, for the road is dark and lonely just here, and the twinkle of our lamp is pleasant to people’s eyes as they go by. We can do so little for our neighbors, I am glad to cheer the way for them. Now put these poor old shoes to dry, and go to bed, dearie; I’ll come soon.”

Tilly went, taking her bird with her to sleep in his basket near by, lest he should be lonely in the night.

Soon the little house was dark and still, and no one saw the Christmas spirits at their work that night.

When Tilly opened the door next morning, she gave a loud cry, clapped her hands, and then stood still, quite speechless with wonder and delight. There, before the door, lay a great pile of wood, all ready to burn, a big bundle and a basket, with a lovely nosegay of winter roses, holly, and evergreen tied to the handle.

“ Oh, mother ! did the fairies do it ? ” cried Tilly, pale with her happiness, as she seized the basket, while her mother took in the bundle.

“ Yes, dear, the best and dearest fairy in the world, called ‘ Charity.’ She walks abroad at Christmas time, does beautiful deeds like this, and does not stay to be thanked,” answered her mother with full eyes, as she undid the parcels.

There they were, — the warm, thick blankets, the comfortable shawl, the new shoes, and, best of all, a pretty winter hat for Bessy. The basket was full of good things to eat, and on the flowers lay a paper, saying, —

“ For the little girl who loves her neighbor as herself.”

“Mother, I really think my bird is a fairy bird, and all these splendid things came from him,” said Tilly, laughing and crying with joy.

It really did seem so, for as she spoke, the robin flew to the table, hopped to the nosegay, and perching among the roses, began to chirp with all his little might. The sun streamed in on flowers, bird, and happy child, and no one saw a shadow glide away from the window; no one ever knew that Mr. King had seen and heard the little girls the night before, or dreamed that the rich neighbor had learned a lesson from the poor neighbor.

And Tilly's bird *was* a fairy bird; for by her love and tenderness to the helpless thing, she brought good gifts to herself, happiness to the unknown giver of them, and a faithful little friend who did not fly away, but stayed with her till the snow was gone, making summer for her in the winter-time.

—LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

From “My Boys.” Copyright, 1871, by
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LESSON X.

1. What the Winds Bring.

WHICH is the wind that brings the cold?
The north wind, Freddie, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the north begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?
The south wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the south begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?
The east wind, Arty, and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the east begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?
The west wind, Bessie; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the west begins to blow.

—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

2. Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
 The horse knows the way
 To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood --
Oh! how the wind does blow!
 It stings the toes
 And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.

Hear the bells ring,
“Ting-a-ling-ding”;
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow, —
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood, —
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

—LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

LESSON XI.

Alfred the Great.

PART I.

FAR away across the ocean, many years ago, a boy was born who was some day to be king of England. Now ordinary boys and girls wish to grow up wise men and women, but the boy who is to be a king and rule over others, needs to be very wise indeed.

One day Alfred's mother showed her children a book of poetry, with pictures and beautiful colored letters in it. She told Alfred and his three brothers that she would give the book to the one who could read it first. The older boys were too fond of play to care much about the beautiful book, but Alfred was anxious to know what all the words and pictures meant. Though he was only a very little boy, he worked so hard that at last he was able to read the book, and thus to have it for his own.

When the boy was six years old his mother died. A few years later his father sent him on a visit to Rome, under the care of a good English bishop. There

he stayed for several months, studying Latin, music, and drawing.

Before Alfred was grown up, England had to make war several times against the Danes. Great shiploads of these fierce people came to the kingdom from over the water, and there were many battles. People were killed, and churches and whole villages were burned to the ground.

The king died while all this was going on, and Alfred's oldest brother succeeded to the throne. Five years later he died, and the second brother became king. This brother died soon after, and the third son was crowned in his place. All three brothers spent their days in trying to drive the Danes out of the country; but before the third brother had long been king he was killed in battle. And so the crown came to Alfred. He was only a young man of twenty-two, but he made a good king, for he loved his people well.

One winter the Danes seemed almost to have conquered the land. Even brave King Alfred could not stand against them. The army was scattered, and the king, with a few faithful followers, made a fort among the marshes, where they lay hid for many months.

Food grew scarcer and scarcer, until the king and the queen had only one loaf of bread between them. A poor man came by and asked for something to eat. The queen was afraid to give any of the bread away, but Alfred cut the loaf in two and let the poor man take half.

King Alfred often went out alone and wandered about the country, trying to find men who would fight for him when spring should come. He wanted the people to know that he was still alive, and as ready as ever to lead them against the Danes.

During one of these journeys he lived for a time in the cottage of a peasant. Nobody knew who he was, and one day the peasant's wife told him to watch some cakes which she had put down to bake at the fire. She went about her work and left the king to tend the cakes. He meant to do as he was bid, but he was so full of sad thoughts and of plans for saving his country that he forgot to turn them.

When the woman came in and found her cakes burned black she scolded Alfred, telling him that he was lazy and good for nothing. She said that he would have been glad enough to eat the cakes for

his supper, but he would not take the trouble to get them ready.

The king did not say a word, for he was really sorry that he had spoiled the cakes. He did not tell the



From the Painting by Wilkie.

ALFRED AND THE BURNING CAKES.

woman who he was, but she found out soon afterwards, when some men came to ask if the king were there. She was naturally very much frightened, but Alfred never thought of being angry, he was only amused.

LESSON XII.

Alfred the Great.

PART II.

WHEN spring came the king gathered his army about him and started once more against the Danes. As he marched along his forces grew larger, for more and more men came to join him. They found the Danes at a place called Edington.

Alfred wished very much to know what the Danes were like. So he put on a Danish cloak, that he might look as much like the Danes as possible, and taking his harp, he walked boldly into their camp. He played the harp so well that the soldiers took him before their king, who feasted him and gave him money.

The eyes and ears of King Alfred were open all the time, and he was glad to find that the Danes were careless, not thinking that they were in any danger. As soon as he had found out all he wanted to know, he stole quietly out of the camp and joined his own men, who were waiting not far away.

The next day he returned to the Danish camp once

more, this time not as a harper, but as a king, at the head of his army. Then there was a great battle. The Danes fought bravely, but they were no match for Alfred and his stout Englishmen. They were beaten and driven back to their camp. There they were shut up, and as they could not get out, they were soon about to starve.

Then King Alfred did a wise and kind thing. He made peace with the Danes, and he said that their king, whose name was Guthrum, might have part of England for his own. Guthrum had to promise never to fight against Alfred again, and he was told that he must keep to his own little kingdom, and let Alfred keep to his, in peace.

*Thornycroft.*

THE STATUE OF ALFRED.

Guthrum and his Danes settled in the eastern part of England. There were other Danes in the middle of England, and Danes in the north. Alfred was left with the south part of the country.

He might have tried to get back all the land that had belonged to his father, but he said to himself, "No, I will have no more war. These Danes now wish to be quiet, and I will let them keep what they have." King Alfred had no more trouble with Danes for a long time. Some years after, fresh bands came from over the sea, but by this time Alfred had plenty of ships and soldiers, and easily drove them away again.

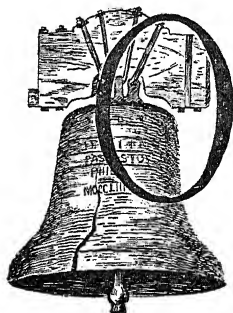


A JEWEL OF ALFRED'S.

LESSON XIII.

George Washington.

PART I. — THE BOY.



Of course you would like to hear something about the great George Washington when he was a little boy, would you not? He did not live in a large city, as many of us do. At that time there were no great cities in our country. There were only towns and villages, and a great many farmhouses very far apart. In one of these farmhouses George Washington lived, with his brothers and his little sister.

They seldom had any friends visit them, for there were no steamboats or railroads. People who went visiting had to go on horseback through dark woods, or in sailboats on the rivers. The children were never lonely, though, for they had many animal friends who made the best kind of playfellows. George had a little pony named Hero, which he loved best of all his pets.

The young boy played out of doors a great deal, and

grew large and strong. He could run faster, jump higher, and throw a stone farther than any of the other boys. He went to a little school where he learned to read, to write, and to work examples in arithmetic. Some of the letters he wrote when a little boy are still kept. In them he talks about his pony, his picture book with elephants, and his new humming top.

The schoolboys liked to play soldiers, and they always chose George as commander. They would pretend to fight a battle. George would wave his wooden sword, and shout, "Come on, boys," and they would all rush into battle with a shout. When he grew larger his brother taught him to shoot. The two would often go out and bring home turkeys and rabbits and wild geese for dinner.

Many stories are told of George's boyhood, some of which I am sure you would like to hear. One morning he and his father were walking about the garden. Mr. Washington took his cane and wrote George's name in the soft earth. Then he dropped little seeds in each letter. He told George to wait a few days, and see what would happen. You know what *did* happen, and

you can imagine how pleased the little fellow was when he saw his name in pretty green leaves.

George loved his mother very dearly, and always tried to do what he knew would please her.

When he was eleven years old, his father died, leaving the mother to take care of the children.

She was a very busy mother, sewing and mending, and spinning yarn to weave into cloth, out of which to make the children's clothes. But Mrs. Washington always found time to help the children with their lessons, and to tell them stories which would help them grow to be good men and women.

When George was fourteen years of age he thought he would like to be a sailor. His brother Lawrence said he might do as he wished. He found a ship that he thought would be the right one for George. His clothes were packed, and he was almost ready to say good-by, when his mother said, "Don't go, George, my boy; I cannot do without you."

"If it makes you so sad, mother," said George, "I will stay with you."

Although he was very much disappointed not to become a sailor, he stayed at home with her and the

other children. For a while he went on with his school studies, but he was getting to be a big boy now, and was anxious to earn money to help his mother; so he learned to measure land.

He used to go off into the woods among the Indians, to lay out land for a friend. At night he slept in a tent or on the bearskin beside the fire which he used for cooking his food. The Indians never harmed him, and he learned much about their ways of living and their way of fighting.

For three years he worked very hard, and at last he was a grown-up man. He was tall and strong, and he could ride the fiercest kind of a horse. He shot so well that he rarely missed the thing at which he aimed. He was not afraid of anything. Now a man like this is just the man to make a good soldier, and I want to tell you how George Washington became a soldier.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few, and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence.

— WASHINGTON.

LESSON XIV.

George Washington.

PART II. — THE SOLDIER.

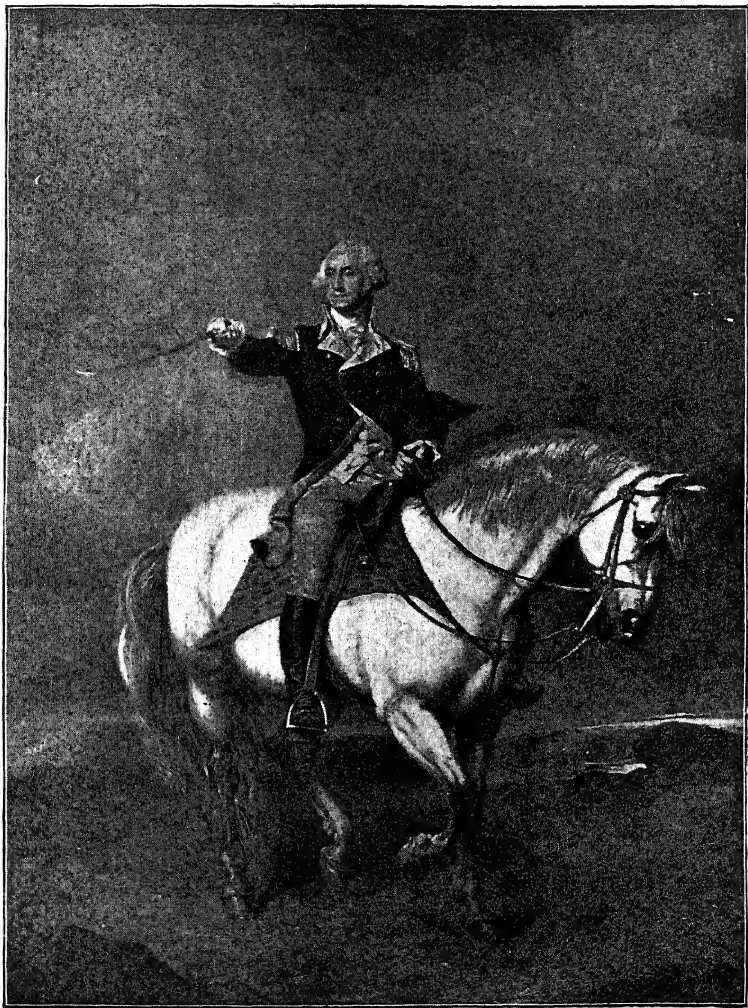
YOU know that when the Pilgrims came to America there were not many white people here. But through all the years since that time people had been coming across the ocean from England and other countries. They had built many towns and villages in this country.

The English colonists, as the people who came from England were called, loved their mother country, and honored and obeyed the English King George, for he was their king, too.

Some people from France came here also. They built homes upon land that England said belonged to her. When the French would not give it up, there was war between the two countries.

The English colonists helped their mother country. George Washington proved himself to be a very fine soldier.

After the war was over, England needed money.



From the Painting by John Faed.

GENERAL WASHINGTON AT TRENTON.

“Now,” she said to the American colonists, “we need money to pay our debts, for a war is very expensive. You must pay taxes on whatever comes to you from this country.”

“Of course we will help you,” said the colonists. “We shall be very proud to do so, if you will let us send men to help you make the laws.”

“Indeed we will not,” said mother England, “and you *shall* obey us.”

Then she sent soldiers in bright red uniforms to America, to frighten the colonists into obedience. This made them very angry, and they said: “We must find some wise person who will tell us what to do, and who will teach us how to become soldiers. If England makes war upon us, we must know how to fight her back.”

Whom do you suppose they chose to be their leader? George Washington, of course. They made him General Washington, and gave him charge of all the men who were willing to become soldiers.

The British soldiers made fun of our men, and said, “Those Americans can’t fight us; we are old soldiers.”

But they were greatly mistaken. When they fired upon the Americans, they found that the Americans knew how to shoot back.

And so the war began.

Every one was anxious to help our soldiers. The children did their share by being brave enough not to cry when they saw their own dear fathers going off to the war. The little girls knit stockings for our men, and spun yarn which their mothers wove into cloth for clothing for them. The boys raised chickens and sheep, which they sold, and sent the money to the soldiers.

Sometimes they sent things to eat, for the soldiers could not get enough food to keep them well and strong. One little girl gave her own pet lamb for food for them. Boys and girls learned to be brave and unselfish in those hard days.

Many people thought the Americans would be defeated. But Washington never did; for he knew they were in the right. Often he went into the woods by himself, and prayed that God would help the poor suffering soldiers win their battles against England.

Think of the English soldiers, living in warm houses in the city and having plenty to eat and heavy clothing

to keep them warm. Then think of the Americans, living on the hills in log huts, nearly starving and with poor, ragged clothing. Once a noted man called on Washington when his army was in camp in this sad condition. Washington invited him to stay for dinner; and a very poor dinner it was, with a dish of hickory nuts gathered from the woods for dessert. But Washington did not lose heart, nor complain.



LESSON XV.

George Washington.

PART III. — THE PRESIDENT.

OUR men had a very hard time. Many of them had no shoes, and their feet were cut with stones and ice. As the soldiers marched along, their footprints in the snow were all reddened with blood. I do not know what would have become of the American soldiers if France had not helped them.

At last, after eight long years of fighting, the war ended. England was defeated. The American colonies

no longer belonged to her. They were a nation, called the United States of America.

Washington said good-by to his soldiers, and thanked them for their patience and bravery during the many years of the war. You may be sure they thanked their great commander for all he had done for them. They cheered him loudly as he sat upon his horse, ready to start for Mount Vernon.

His good wife Martha was very happy when he arrived at home, for he had been away five years. His dogs, Ringwood and Vulcan, and his horses, Valiant and Ajax, were wild with joy at the sight of their beloved master. "Now," thought they, "our master will take us for long gallops over the country."

"They were not, however, to have many runs. The people of the United States soon found they must have



From the Statue by Houlton.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

some one to take good care of them. They asked George Washington to be their president, — the first president of the United States.

As he traveled from his home to New York, crowds of people came to get a glimpse of this great man. Children strewed flowers before him, and sang songs in his praise.

For eight years George Washington was president of the United States. He was as great and wise a president as he had been a general.

He once more returned to his home in Mount Vernon. He was not there very long before death called him away from this earth. His soldiers and all the other people of the United States grieved for the lost "Father of his Country"; for this is what they loved to call him.

Some day you may visit a great city named for Washington, where the president now lives. You will find in a big building in that city many things belonging to the first president. You will see his coat and sword, his trunk, and the plates, knives, and forks which he used all through the long war. Don't forget to look for the tall white monument as your train draws near the

city. It was built by the people of the United States in honor of him who will ever be —

“First in war, first in peace,
First in the hearts of his countrymen.”

— Adapted from “Through the Year,” Book I.



LESSON XVI.

The Cats at Law.

PART I.

OLD Grey sat by his fire ;
He was somewhat dull and blue ;
He stroked the whisker on his chin,
And twisted his mustache too.
They were trim when he began,
But something must be done,
And he'd nothing else to do.

There suddenly came a knock :
Rat-tat, tat-tat-tat-tat !
He lazily winked his eyes, and called
Out sleepily, “ Who is that ? ”

When the door flew open wide,
And with a hasty stride
In came a Neighbor Cat.

“ Good evening, Comrade Tom,
So you’re abroad to-night?
I like a hearth when days grow chill,
The embers are so bright.
Take off your overshoes,
And your coat, too, if you choose,
And sit in my firelight.”

Said Tom, “ I’ve little time
For luxuries like these ;
But get your lantern, Pussy Grey,
And hurry about it, please,
For I’ve found a door ajar,
And I think our chances are
Good for a bit of cheese.”

“ Ah, Tom,” cried Pussy Grey,
“ I fear you’re a wicked one !
But wait, I’ll light my lantern quick,
And put my ulster on ! ”

The twirl of a furry paw
Was all the firelight saw,
And the thieving friends were gone.

Not the noise of one footfall
Was made by their twice four,
As they sped along in silent stealth
And reached the dairy door.
It was open the merest crack,
And they pushed the hinges back,
And crept along the floor.

They found a huge round cheese,
And they carved a generous slice,
Whispering gleefully the while,
“How very, very nice!
We’ll take it between us — so!
And never a soul will know,
They’ll think it was the mice.”

But when they reached their den,
They began to disagree
As to which deserved the larger part,
And both growled angrily.

Said Tom, with greedy boast,
“I’ve a right to claim the most
For my discovery.”

With a furious wish to scratch,
Cried selfish Pussy Grey,
“I carried at the heaviest end,
Is all I have to say.”
Then shook a violent paw,
And threatened to go to law
If he couldn’t have his way.



LESSON XVII.

The Cats at Law.

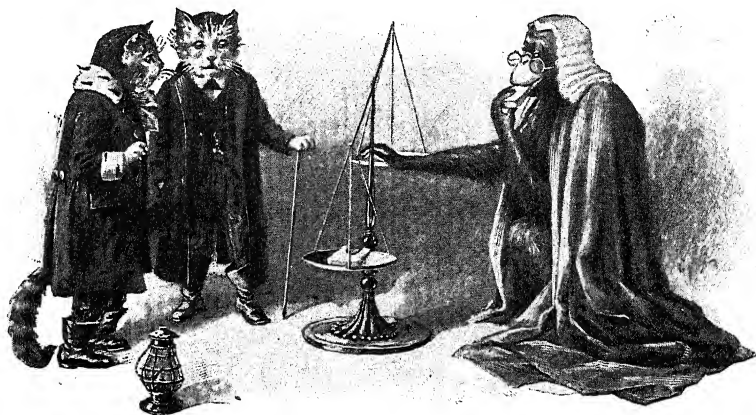
PART II.

A MONKEY lived next door;
He heard the foolish jar,
He laughed at each new threat, then said,
“What simpletons they are!
So very brave to bluster,
While neither one could muster
Courage for genuine war.”

So he stepped upon the scene,
Suave and dignified ;
“ Neighbors,” he said with stately bow,
“ I do not wish to chide,
But pray show common sense,
And in this difference
Let some third friend decide.”

But Grey and Tom knew well
They never could agree ;
So both exclaimed with common breath,
“ If you will umpire be,
Your ruling we'll obey ;
Go get your scales and weigh,
And divide it equally.”

Jocko to be the judge !
The greatest rogue in town !
But he gravely brought his balances,
And gravely set them down.
And to make himself look wise
Put glasses on his eyes,
And wore a wig and gown.



"HE TOOK BITE NUMBER THREE."

He cut the cheese in twain,
And a lovely slice was laid
On either scale ; but, lo, the right
The other far outweighed.
So Jocko from the right
Demurely took a bite,
Which quite a difference made.

For then the balance dipped
To the left decidedly ;
So he took a mouthful out of that
To right it — do you see ?
But the whole thing seemed perverse,

That made the matter worse,
And he took bite number three.

Grey turned to look at Tom !

Tom turned to stare at Grey !
So this was their boasted going to law,
And this was the lawyer's way !
At least for a minute's space
Into each other's face
They gazed in dumb dismay.

Then with despairing howl,
Grey smote his breast and cried,
"The judge gives justice, but there'll be
No cheese left to divide !"
And Tom mused wildly, "Please
Give me the smallest piece,
I will be satisfied."

Judge Jocko found the cheese
A most delicious one,
So he nibbled, nibbled from either scale,
And quite enjoyed the fun.

It made it doubly sweet
To have them watch him eat,
And to hear a frequent groan.

Meanwhile he moralized,
“My friends, it is a fact,
Some rather than be generous
Prefer to be exact.
And when difficulties rise,
It is usually wise
To have a lawyer act.”

Now of their prize they could
But the veriest morsel see ;
“Give that to me,” cried Grey.
Shrieked Tom, “Give that to me !”
“Nay, nay,” said the judge, “nay, nay,”
In his most judicial way,
“This is the lawyer’s fee.”

So, home to his faded fire,
Hungry and sad, Grey went ;
And to the lonesome stars and the dark
Tom made his loud lament ;

While Jocko, his wig and gown
Laid by, curled snugly down
In gratified content.

—CLARA DOTY BATES.



LESSON XVIII.

Ned's New Clothes.

NED came into the house one afternoon, much annoyed by a remark some of his companions had made. Among the many fine Christmas presents he had received was a suit of clothes. The boy liked to appear neat and trim, and he was proud to have so good a suit. So when his friend Joe said, "Ned, you needn't be so proud of those clothes; somebody else had them before you did," he was displeased and angry.

"I'd have you understand, Joe," replied Ned, "that my father doesn't buy second-hand clothes for me or any one else. These are new, and no one ever wore them before. I know the very store where he bought them."

Joe whispered something into the ears of the other boys, and at once they all declared that Ned was wearing second-hand clothes.

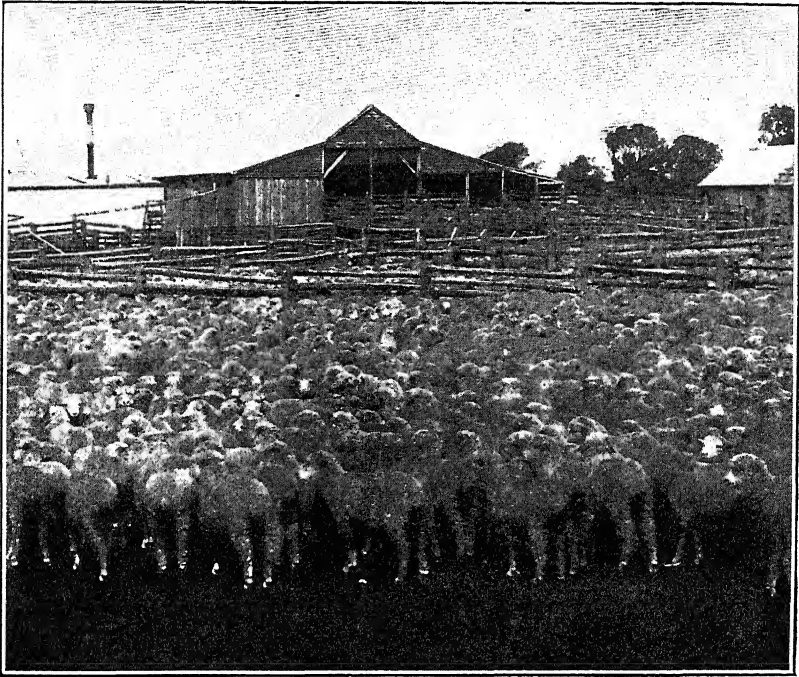
“Well,” said Ned, finally, “you may think that you know more than I do about my own clothes. I know they have never been worn before. Do you suppose my father would buy any other boy’s clothes for me? Indeed he would not.”

What the boys said troubled him. He thought there might be some joke about it, or that the boys had tried to tease him; so after dinner that night he told his father what had happened. He concluded by asking, “Now, father, am I wearing second-hand clothes?”

“No, and yes,” answered his father. “No boy ever wore your suit before; but the wool from which the cloth was made covered the backs of sheep before it was woven into cloth.”

“That seems funny,” said Ned, “to think that my coat was once the coat of a sheep. But this coat is striped with several colors, and I never saw the wool on a sheep’s back colored like that. How can that be?”

“Well,” replied his father, “it is quite a long journey from the sheep’s back to yours, but if you will listen patiently, I will take you over the road.



AN AUSTRALIAN SHEEP FARM.

“During the fall and winter the wool on the sheep grows long and thick. In the spring the sheep are clipped or sheared. The wool which a sheep yields at one clipping is called a fleece. The best grade of wool comes from the side of the fleece.”

“Doesn’t it hurt the sheep to be sheared?” Ned inquired.

“Not at all,” answered his father. “The shearers are very skillful, and in many cases can clip the wool from the sheep in one unbroken sheet.”

“Is that all the men do to the wool?” asked the lad.

“Be patient, my boy, and I will tell you the whole story. The wool is taken to a factory and washed by machines. It is soaked in soapy water to take out the grease. Then it is dried by being squeezed between heavy rollers. It is next placed in a large cylinder with meshed sides of heavy wire. The cylinder is turned so quickly that the water is all driven off.

“The wool must now be made soft and elastic. This is done by spraying oil over it as it is spread out in very thin sheets. It goes next into an engine that tears apart the fibers of the wool and sifts from them the last grain of dirt and refuse.”

“That is all very interesting,” interrupted Ned, “but I don’t see how the colors are put in.”

“That is the next process,” replied his father. “The wool, as it comes from this engine, is in large, white flakes. It now goes to the dyer, where it is soaked in the various dyes. Wool thus treated is said to be ‘dyed in the wool.’”

“Why, yes,” said Ned, “I heard Cousin Jessie speak of Grandma, and say she was ‘dyed in the wool.’ ”

“That is an expression often used,” said his father, “and it means that the training given your grandmother as a child was done at a time when it would last, just as the dye color is put into the wool.

“And now we must follow the wool as it passes through the hands of the carder, who combs it, and the spinner, and the weaver. The wool comes from the carding machine as thick as your arm, and each fiber lies even with the rest. Through several machines the wool must now travel, until it comes out cloth. But it is not yet ready to be made into clothing. The breadth must be reduced. This is done by shrinking.”

“Who would have thought it took so much work to make a piece of cloth,” exclaimed Ned.

“But the process is not even yet completed,” replied his father. “The cloth is smooth to the hand, elastic, free from wrinkles, and looks the same on both face and back. But it has to be taken once more to the washing machine. There every bit of soil is removed, and then it comes out for the finishing

touches. Now it is ready for the tailor. He cuts it and sews it, and your suit is ready to be worn."

"Well," said Ned, "I never knew before that so many people had to work to make me a suit of new clothes."

"It is just so, my boy, with everything we use. The wheat passes through many hands before it becomes the bread upon our table. It took hundreds of people to give us the tea we drank for dinner to-night. This heater before which we warm ourselves, and the coal we burn in it, are the results of the labor of many hands. Thousands of people are working for us all the time. We must, in turn, get ready to take our place in the world, and work for others. Do not be satisfied just to receive, but be ready to give in return."

"Thank you, father, for what you have told me," responded Ned. "I shall know now what to tell Joe and the other boys when they try to tease me about my new suit. And I will try to be a worker, and not a shirker, in the world."

LESSON XIX.

The Story of Columbus.



MORE than four hundred years ago there lived in the beautiful city of Genoa a brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy, who was very fond of the sea. The name of the little lad was Christopher Columbus. At that time Genoa was a place of ships and sailors. They made voyages to and from all known parts of the world. From the wharves the boy watched the fishermen launch their boats, and spread the curious pointed sails. He watched them sail out of the harbor, and patiently waited for their return.

But you must not think that the little Christopher was an idle boy. When he was only a little child he said he wanted to be a sailor, so his father sent him to a school to study navigation. Here he learned to write well, and to draw maps and charts for the sailors.

When he was fourteen years of age he went to sea on his uncle's ship. He was present at several battles with pirates, and no sailor was braver than he. Once

his ship was burned, and he swam six miles to shore clinging to a log.

I have read that once he saved the lives of both captain and crew of the vessel by his courage during a



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

storm. While he was still a very young man he became captain of a coasting vessel. He thus learned more of the art of sailing, and prepared himself to become the greatest discoverer the world would ever know.

The seamen of his time did not sail very great distances.

Most of their trips

were in the Mediterranean Sea, south of Europe. They knew very little about the Atlantic Ocean. They thought great monsters swam in it, and that in some

places it was so hot the water boiled. Of course they did not know there was any such place as America. They knew only Europe, part of Asia, and part of Africa. They sailed along the African coast to trade with the people who lived there. The only trade they had with Asia was by caravans, which brought gold, silks, spices, and precious stones from India, on the backs of camels.

Every trip to India took a long time and was very expensive, so men were anxious to find a shorter and safer way to this land of wealth and beauty. Even the wisest people who were then living thought that the earth was flat, and that if a man walked or sailed far enough he would fall off. Columbus was wiser than the men of his time. He fully believed the earth to be round, and that by sailing westward he would reach the eastern shores of India.

When he told this to his companions, they laughed and tapped their heads, and winked at one another, as if to say, "He is crazy, poor fellow." Columbus, however, gave no heed to them, but went on making plans for a voyage to India. He tried in vain to get his native city to fit out vessels for the voyage. Then he went to King John of Portugal for assistance; but

although King John himself was a great traveler, and believed in Columbus, he would not aid him.

Almost ready to give up his plan, Columbus went to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain, and asked them to help him get vessels for a voyage to India; but Spain was at war, and had no time to assist him. After the war was ended, the Spanish queen fitted out three small vessels. Columbus was the captain of one vessel and the leader of the expedition. Under him there were about one hundred men. They carried with them food enough to last a year.

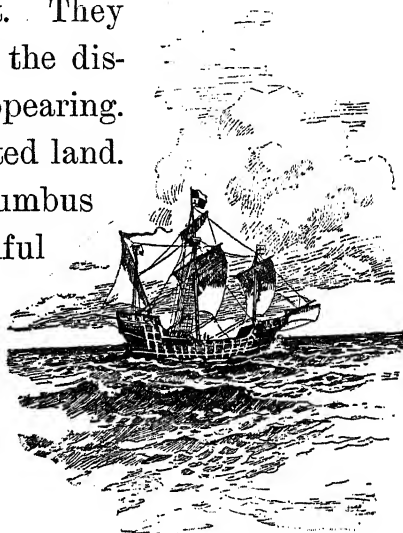
They left the harbor of Palos,¹ in Spain, and launched out into the ocean. The days went by. On, on, the ships sailed, but no land appeared in sight. Columbus grew more and more anxious. He neither ate nor slept, but spent his time praying that his voyage might be successful. The sailors became alarmed; they feared they would never again see home and their loved ones, and they thought their leader a madman. They plotted to throw him overboard, and return to Spain. Columbus was brave and patient, and persuaded the men to keep on westward.

¹ Pa'lōs.

One morning a sailor saw a branch with red berries floating on the water. Then another saw a curiously carved log. Soon, birds fluttered around the ships' masts. The men began to believe that land was near. During the night no one slept. They eagerly watched the lights in the distance appearing and disappearing. Toward morning a sailor sighted land. When the day broke, Columbus showed the Spaniards a beautiful little island.

The long, wearisome voyage was over at last. The sailors hauled down the sails and cast anchor. When land was reached, Columbus stepped on shore, carrying the red and gold banner of Spain. The captains of the vessels came next, carrying Spanish flags. The soldiers and sailors followed. Then all knelt down and kissed the earth.

Curious groups of natives watched the Spaniards from a distance. These people were copper-colored and



THE FLAGSHIP OF COLUMBUS.

almost naked. Their bodies were painted. They wore feathers in their hair, and strings of beads around their necks and wrists. Columbus thought he had reached India, so he called the people Indians. The Indians



THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

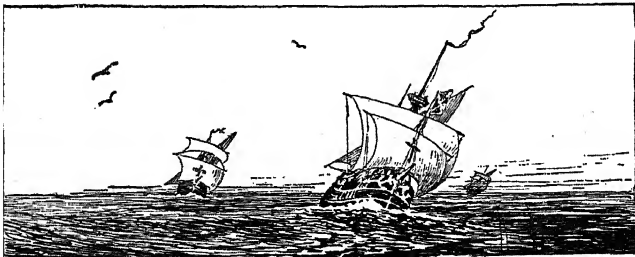
treated the Spaniards very kindly, and brought them food and fresh fish from the brooks near by.

Columbus spent three months sailing among the islands he had discovered. Then he returned to Spain, taking with him some Indians to be baptized. There

was great rejoicing when he reached the Spanish port. The king and queen received him under a canopy of gold brocade.

To show how greatly they honored him, they bade him be seated while he related the story of his wonderful voyage and discovery. This was the happiest moment in the life of Columbus. He whom the people had thought mad was the most honored man in Spain. Columbus told the king and queen he had discovered a new and short route to India. He thought that this was true. He little dreamed that it was a new world that he had braved the perils of an unknown sea to find. He little dreamed that hundreds of years afterward the boys and girls in that land would tell the story of his life, and the great work he had done.

— From "Through the Year," Book I.



LESSON XX.

Columbus.

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,¹
Behind the Gates of Hercules;²
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Speak, admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"
"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"
They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said,

¹ *A zōres'.*² *Hēr'eū lēs.*

“Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my mates fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave admiral; speak and say —”
He said, “Sail on! sail on! and on!”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
“This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?”
The words leapt as a leaping sword,
“Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: “On! and on!” — JOAQUIN MILLER.

LESSON XXI.

What Fanny Heard.

PART I.

SHE was lying on the rug, in the twilight, all alone, seeing pictures in the fire, and talking to herself.

It hadn't been a happy day, and Fanny felt a little sad, though she wouldn't own that the reason was because she had been idle, disobedient, and wilful.

"Nobody cares for me or takes any pains to make me happy," grumbled Fanny. "Since mamma died, and papa went to England, I've been just as miserable as I could be. Cousin Mary is so sober and strict and fussy, I don't have a bit of fun, but study, sew, walk, go to bed, and get up, like the hateful little story-book girls, who never do wrong or get tired of going on 'as regularly as a clock. O, dear! if I had some friends and playmates, this big, quiet house wouldn't seem so dismal."

Fanny laid her face on her arm and tried to cry, but not having anything to cry for, she couldn't squeeze out a single tear. Suddenly she heard a chime of delicate

bells ringing sweetly in the room, and filling the air with perfume.

“Bless me, what’s that?” and Fanny popped up her head to see. But everything was still and in its place, and when she spoke the bells ceased.

So she lay down again, and presently heard a sweet little voice say sorrowfully, —

“What an ungrateful child Fanny is to say she has no friends, when the house is full of them. Her good cousin took her home, and tries to be a mother to her, though she is feeble and fond of quiet. It was very kind of her to have a noisy, spoilt child always about; for, though it worries her, she never complains, but tries to make Fanny a gentle, helpful, happy child.”

The blue Hyacinth standing in the window said this, and the lovely pink one answered warmly, —

“Yes, indeed! and I often wonder that Fanny doesn’t see this, and try to return some of the patient care by affectionate little acts, and grateful words, and cheerful looks. Why, she might make this house perfectly charming, if she chose: it was too lonely and still before, but now a bright-faced, gentle little girl, with her merry ways, would delight us all.

“I bloom my best to please her, and send out my perfume to attract her, for I love her much, and want her to feel that I am her friend ; but she takes no notice of me. She doesn’t care for my love, she is blind to my beauty, and gives no answer to my sweet invitation, though she longs for playmates all the time.”

With a soft sigh the flowers shook their delicate heads, and said no more ; but before Fanny could speak, Goldy, the canary, gave a little skip on his perch, and cried out, in a shrill chirp, —

“I quite agree with you, ladies ; that child doesn’t know how to enjoy her blessings, or recognize her friends when she sees them. Here I sit day after day, telling her in all sorts of ways how glad I am she is come ; how fond I am of her, and how much I want to talk with her. I get quite excited sometimes, and sing till my throat aches, trying to make her understand all this ; but she won’t, and all I get for my pains is a pettish, ‘Do stop screaming, you noisy bird,’ and a cloth over the cage to keep me quiet. It’s very hard,” and Goldy shook a little tear out of his round black eye. “I love the sun, and air, and blithe company so dearly, and she won’t let me have any of them.

"She promised to take care of me, but she doesn't, and I go hungry, thirsty, and untidy, while she mopes and wishes she had something pleasant to do.

"To-day, now, I've had neither seed nor water; no sniff of fresh air, no fly about the room, not a bit of apple, not a kind word or look, but have sat in the dark, with the cover over my cage, because I tried to tell how glad I was to see the sun, in spite of my hunger and thirst, loneliness and homesickness. Ah, well! some day she may be kinder to me, and then I'll show her what a loving friend I can be."

And with a last peck at the husks that lay in the cage, a last sad look about his gloomy house, Goldy put his head under his wing and tried to forget his troubles in sleep.



LESSON XXII.

What Fanny Heard.

PART II.

FANNY was going to start up and feed and pet him, with remorseful tenderness, when a new voice sounded behind her, and she waited to listen.

It was the piano, and everything it said went to a sort of tune, because it couldn't help being musical at all times.

"When first she came to stay, little Fanny used to play and sing like any lark, between the daylight and the dark, and our mistress loved it well. But now, I grieve to tell, she scarcely sings a note; no more sweet songs float like spirits through the gloom, making gay the quiet room.

"I cannot tell how much her little fingers' touch ever thrills me with delight; how my keys, black and white, love to dance as she plays; how my pedal quick obeys, and bass and treble blend, to please our little friend.

"But now she sits apart, with discord in her heart, forgetting I am here with power to soothe and cheer; that she'd better sing than sigh, better laugh than cry, for hearts get out of tune, and should be mended soon.

"Little Fanny, sing again, like a bird in spite of rain. Fill the house with music gay, make a concert of each day; and when others play on you, answer sweetly, as I do."

"Why, it's talking poetry, I do believe!" cried

Fanny, as the last words went echoing through the room and died away.

“How any one can be lonely with us for friends is hard to understand,” said another voice from the book-case. “Here we are, lots of us, rows of us, regiments of us; every sort of story book; here’s fairy tales new and old; here’s “Robinson Crusoe” and dear old “Mother Goose,” Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth; here’s German picture books and French fables, English games and American notions, of every kind. .Come and read us, come and read us, and never say again you have no friends, and nothing to do.”

There was such a noise that no one heard Fanny laugh out, for each book was shouting its own title and making such a stir it sounded like a wind blowing dry leaves about.

“I don’t wish to intrude myself, for I’m not literary, nor musical, nor botanical; but I am domestic, and have an eye for all useful things,” said a needle, in a sharp tone, as it sat bolt upright in Fanny’s topsy-turvy basket, on the table.

“I am woman’s friend, and with my help she does a deal of good, whiles away many long hours, and finds a

good deal of quiet happiness in my society. Little girls don't care much for me until they have doll children to sew for ; even then some of them neglect and abuse me, and don't learn to use me nicely. I know a young lady who hasn't a rag to her back ; and yet her mamma takes no pains to clothe her, though a charming blue dress, and white apron, and nice little underclothes lie all ready cut out and basted.

"I pity that poor doll so much that I'd gladly sew for her alone, if I could. I'm afraid I should be thought rude, if I suggested to the mamma to sew instead of fretting, so I wouldn't say a word on any account ; but I see more than people would believe, and judge accordingly."

After which pointed remarks, the needle actually winked at the thimble, and then sat stiffer than ever in the unfinished blue gown.

Fanny was so ashamed that she turned her face toward the fire, just in time to see a brilliant spark spirit standing in a cave of glowing coals. Waving its tiny hand, the spirit said, —

"Years ago a little girl lived here, who made this the happiest home ever seen, by her gentle ways, her loving heart, her cheerful voice, and willing hands.

“ Every one loved her, and she was always happy, for duty was pleasant. The world was bright, and she was never out of tune.

“ She tended flowers in the window yonder, and grew as beautiful as they ; she touched the old piano, and filled the house with music ; she fed her little bird, and was as cheerful as he ; she read and studied those books, growing wise and good and gay on the food they gave her ; she sewed busily, clothing naked children as well as dolls, and many blessed her. She often lay where you lie now, not discontented and sad, but with a happy heart, a busy fancy, and the love of many friends to keep her always blithe.

“ We loved her well, and we love you for her dear sake. If you would see her image, look up and try to imitate her.”

Rather startled at the serious manner of the spirit Fanny lifted her eyes, and there hung the picture of her mother, when a little girl. She had often seen it before, but it never had seemed so beautiful and dear as now, when, looking at it with full eyes, little Fanny said softly to herself, —

“ O dear mamma, I will be like you, if I can ; I'll

find friends where you found them ; I'll make home as happy as you did ; I'll try to be loved for your sake, and grow a useful, cheerful, good woman, like you."

— LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

From "Cupid and Chow-Chow." Copyright, 1873,
by Louisa M. Alcott. Copyright, 1901, by John S. P. Alcott.



LESSON XXIII.

An Anecdote about Wallenstein.

A STRONG young farmer was once walking through a forest. When he came near a pond he saw a fox which had jumped into the shallow water and caught with his teeth a large pickerel. The fish bravely defended himself against the fox. Quickly the farmer jumped into the water, separated the fighting animals, took the fox under one arm and the pickerel under the other, and went along his way. But he did not know, however, what to do with the animals.

At that time Wallenstein was a noted man and a duke. "Well," thought the farmer, "I will take these animals as a present to the duke. He loves everything that is strange ; and this surely is a strange present." He



COUNT WALLENSTEIN.

soon arrived at the castle; but when he was about to enter the park a soldier stopped him.

“Let me pass, my friend,” said the farmer.

“What do you want?” asked the sentinel.

“I want to see the duke.”

“You cannot see him as you are, covered with dirt, and carrying those animals.”

“I must carry them, I want to make a present of them to the duke. Let me pass. Do you not see that the fish is almost dead, and must quickly be put into water?”

The soldier began to think, and finally said, “Well, you may pass, if you will promise to give me one half of the reward which the duke will give you.”

“You shall have one half; only let me pass.”

The farmer hurried through the park, and in a few moments came to the castle gate. Here was a second sentinel, as greedy as the first. He also would not let the farmer pass until he had been promised the other half of the reward.

At last the young farmer came before the duke, who gladly accepted these strange presents. “You shall not go away with empty hands,” said Wallenstein. “For your kindness and trouble I wish to reward you. Ask anything you may wish.”

“Sir,” replied the farmer, “I really am not in need of anything. If, however, you are very anxious to

reward me I would ask for fifty strokes of the lash upon my bare back."

The duke was dumb with surprise, for he thought the farmer was mad; but the farmer continued, "Indeed, your grace, I am entirely in earnest." Then he related the story about the sentinels.

Very much angered, Wallenstein cried out, "Oh, those scoundrels!" Then he gave orders to have the twenty-five strokes measured out to each of the sentinels, which was done without delay.



LESSON XXIV.

A Sunday Morn in Early New England.

LET us travel on the wings of imagination back to the early part of the seventeenth century. ✓ We shall go to a New England village on a Sunday morning. It is about nine o'clock, and we hear some one beating a drum, or sounding a horn, or blowing a conch shell, or perhaps ringing a bell, to call people to church for the usual Sunday worship.

As we draw near the log-built church, or meeting-

house, as it is called, we notice a flag waving from the roof. Perhaps, too, we notice a cannon planted there to resist any attack of the red foes. We think, as we look at the building, of a church and fort combined, such an one as the early pilgrims built at Plymouth. About the church is a strong fence of stakes, and close at hand stands an armed sentinel. +

The people gather for worship, and we see some of the men, as they go in, leave their muskets in the care of this sentinel. We look about before entering the church, and observe some odd-looking wooden frames not far off, stocks for putting the feet of culprits in, and a pillory for holding fast the head of some offender; strange anklets and collars are these. +

The church itself, we observe, has very few glass windows, and these have very small and thick panes, diamond-shaped, and set in leaden frames. The other windows have oiled paper instead of glass to keep out the wind and the rain. Between the windows we see the heads of wolves that have been killed and hung to view during the past year. Very different, we would say, is this church from the large brick or stone churches, well warmed and lighted, which we see about us to-day.

Let us look now inside the little church. There is no stove or heater of any kind. We notice that the father and mother and children, who entered when we were looking at the cannon and stocks, are not sitting together. The father has gone to sit where all the old men are, and the mother with the older women. The boys are sitting on the pulpit stairs, or on the gallery stairs. At first we think they may get into mischief there, and whisper, and not pay attention to the sermon, but as we look more closely we see a man standing guard over them.

We ask the chubby little fellow sitting at the foot of the gallery stairs who this guard is, and he tells us in a whisper, "Why, that is the constable." And now the people have all gathered, and the minister gives out a hymn. There is no piano or organ, but they all know the tune, for there are only ten tunes used, and some churches do not go beyond five. We look at the book they sing from, and see that it is called "The Bay Psalm Book"; no hymns there such as we sing to-day, only psalms.

The minister, after a very long prayer, preaches a very long sermon. There is no clock to tell the hour,

but there is an hourglass on the pulpit beside him. When the sand has all run through to the bottom the sexton turns the glass over, but the minister does not stop preaching. The sexton does this again and again, and when the sand has run about half through, the minister stops at last. How eager the boys and girls are to hear him say "Amen," for he has preached between three and four hours.

Some of the boys have gone to sleep, but the constable sees them. He has a wand in his hand, with a hare's foot on one end and a hare's tail on the other. So he goes to the sleeping boys, just as they are dreaming of apple pie and turkey, and raps them on the forehead with the hare's foot. But when that stout woman on the other side of the church began to nod, he touched her with the hare's tail to keep her awake. The constable then has to keep people awake, as well as keep the boys and girls quiet. No wonder the children mention his name under their breath.

We wonder, as we pass out from the service, why some of the people have not stayed at home; but when we ask we find out that there are tithing men who look out for absentees. People who are sick are excused,

but people who stay away just because they feel like it have to pay fines. They must stand the sermon or the fine; and when they stay away a month they may be put into the stocks or a wooden cage. Are we not glad that we went to church instead of looking around the town?



LESSON XXV.

How the Crickets brought Good Fortune.

MY friend Jack went into a baker's shop one day to buy a little cake which he had fancied in passing. He intended it for a child whose appetite was gone, and who could be coaxed to eat only by amusing him. He thought that such a pretty loaf might tempt even the sick. While he waited for his change, a little boy six or eight years old, in poor but perfectly clean clothes, entered the baker's shop.

"Ma'am," said he to the baker's wife, "mother sent me for a loaf of bread." The woman climbed upon the counter (this happened in a country town), took from the shelf of four pound loaves the best one she could find, and put it into the arms of the little boy.

My friend Jack then first observed the thin and thoughtful face of the little fellow. It contrasted strongly with the great round loaf, of which he was taking the best of care.

“Have you any money?” said the baker’s wife.

The little boy’s eyes grew sad.

“No, ma’am,” said he, hugging the loaf closer to his thin blouse; “but mother told me to say that she would come and speak to you about it to-morrow.”

“Run along,” said the good woman; “carry your bread home, child.”

“Thank you, ma’am,” said the poor little fellow.

My friend Jack came forward for his money. He had put his purchase into his pocket, and was about to go, when he found the child with the big loaf standing stock-still behind him.

“What are you doing there?” said the baker’s wife to the child, whom she also had thought to be fairly off. “Don’t you like the bread?”

“Oh, yes, ma’am,” said the child.

“Well, then, carry it to your mother, my little friend. If you wait any longer, she will think you are playing by the way, and you will get a scolding.”

The child did not seem to hear. Something else held his attention.

The baker's wife went up to him and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder. "What *are* you thinking about?" said she.

"Ma'am," said the little boy, "what is it that sings?"

"There is no singing," said she.

"Yes!" cried the little fellow. "Hear it! Queek, queek, queek, queek!"

My friend and the woman both listened, but they could hear nothing, unless it was the song of the crickets, frequent guests in bakers' houses.

"It is a little bird," said the dear little fellow; "or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes, as apples do."

"No, indeed, little goosey!" said the baker's wife; "Those are crickets. They sing in the bakehouse because we are lighting the oven, and they like to see the fire."

"Crickets!" said the child; "Are they really crickets?"

"Yes, to be sure," said she good-humoredly. The child's face lighted up.

“Ma’am,” said he, blushing at the boldness of his request, “I should like it very much if you would give me a cricket.”

“A cricket!” said the baker’s wife, smiling, “What in the world would you do with a cricket, my little friend? I would gladly give you all there are in the house, to get rid of them, they run about so.”

“O ma’am, give me one, only one, if you please!” said the child, clasping his little thin hands under the big loaf. “They say that crickets bring good luck into houses; and perhaps if we had one at home, mother, who has so much trouble, wouldn’t cry any more.”

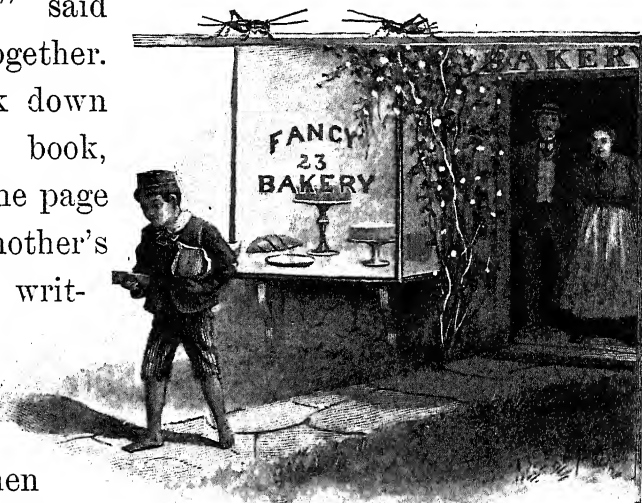
“Why does your poor mamma cry?” said my friend, who could no longer help joining in the conversation.

“On account of her bills, sir,” said the little fellow. “Father is dead, and mother works very hard, but she cannot pay them all.”

My friend took the child, and with him the great loaf, into his arms, and I really believe he kissed them both. Meanwhile, the baker’s wife, who did not dare to touch a cricket herself, had gone to the bakehouse. She made her husband catch four, and put them into a

box with holes in the cover, so that they might breathe. She gave the box to the child, who went away perfectly happy.

When he had gone, the baker's wife and my friend gave each other a good squeeze of the hand. "Poor little fellow!" said they both together. Then she took down her account book, and, finding the page where the mother's charges were written, made a great dash all down the page, and then wrote at the bottom, "Paid."



THE CHILD WENT AWAY HAPPY.

Meanwhile, my friend, to lose no time, had put up in paper all the money in his pockets, where fortunately he had quite a sum that day, and begged the good wife to send it at once to the mother of the little cricket boy, with her bill receipted, and a note, in which

he told her she had a son who would one day be her joy and pride.

They gave it to a baker's boy with long legs, and told him to make haste. The child, with his big loaf, his four crickets, and his little short legs, could not run very fast, so that, when he reached home, he found his mother, for the first time in many weeks, with her eyes raised from her work, and a smile of peace and happiness upon her lips.

The boy believed that it was the arrival of his four little black things which had worked this change, and I do not think he was mistaken. Without the crickets, and his good little heart, would this happy change have taken place in his mother's fortunes?

—From the French of P. J. STAHL.



LESSON XXVI.

A Good Rule.

A FARMER, who owned a fine orchard, one day
Went out with his sons to take a survey,
The time of the year being April or May.

The buds were beginning to break into bloom,
The air all about him was rich with perfume,
And nothing, at first, waked a feeling of gloom.

But all at once, going from this place to that,
He shaded his eyes with the brim of his hat,
Saying, "Here is a tree dying out, that is flat!"

He called his sons, Joseph and John, and said he,
"This sweeting, you know, was my favorite tree —
Just look at the top now, and see what you see!

"The blossoms are blighted, and, sure as you live,
It won't have a bushel of apples to give!
What ails it? the rest of the trees seem to thrive.

"Run, boys, bring hither your tools, and don't stop,
But take every branch that is falling alop,
And saw it out quickly, from bottom to top!"

"Yes, father," they said, and away they both ran —
For they always said *father*, and never *old man*,
And for my part I don't see how good children can.

And before a half-hour of the morning was gone,
They were back in the orchard, both Joseph and John,
And presently all the dead branches were sawn.

“Well, boys,” said the farmer, “I think for my share,
If the rain and the sunshine but second our care,
The old sweeting yet will be driven to bear!”

And so when a month, maybe more, had gone by,
And borne out the June, and brought in the July,
He came back the luck of the pruning to try.

And lo! when the sweeting was reached, it was found
That windfalls enough were strewn over the ground,
But never an apple all blushing and sound.

Then the farmer said, shaping his motions to suit,
First up to the boughs and then down to the fruit,
“Come, Johnny, come, Joseph, and dig to the root!”

And straightway they came with their spades and their
 hoes,
And threw off their jackets, and shouting “Here goes!”
They digged down and down with the sturdiest blows.

And, by and by, Joseph his grubbing hoe drew
From the earth and the roots, crying, “Father, look, do!”
And he pointed his words with the toe of his shoe!

And the farmer said, shaping a gesture to suit,
“I see why our sweeting has brought us no fruit—
There’s a worm sucking out all the sap at the root!”

Then John took his spade with an awful grimace,
And lifted the ugly thing out of its place,
And put the loose earth back in very short space.

And when the next year came, it only is fair
To say, that the sweeting rewarded the care,
And bore them good apples, enough and to spare.

And now, my dear children, whenever you see
A life that is profitless, think of that tree;
For ten chances to one, you’ll find there will be

Some habit of evil indulged day by day,
And hid as the earthworm was hid in the clay,
That is steadily sapping the lifeblood away.

The fruit, when the blossom is blighted, will fall.
The sin will be searched out, no matter how small;
So, what you’re ashamed to do, don’t do at all.

—ALICE CARY.

LESSON XXVII.

Choosing a King.

PART I.



ONCE upon a time, all the dogs met together to choose a king. The noble bloodhound was placed over the meeting, to keep order, and to see that no one spoke out of his turn. The clerk of the meeting, a very clever poodle, had to write down all that was done.

But before the real business began, a fussy little terrier, that had been running about all the time, and talking to every one he met, got up and said: "We should be very sure that no strangers are present. I believe there's some one at this meeting who is not

a dog. A fox may be a relative of dogs; but a fox is not a dog."

"We don't need to be told that a fox has been here," growled the sturdy foxhound. "We can tell him by his scent. He had better keep away. No wild beasts shall be allowed here."

"I say," said the sharp little terrier — "I say that before we begin to choose a king, we ought to say right out what a dog is."

"Very well," said the solemn old bloodhound, looking round the meeting. "Mr. Poodle, the clerk, shall write down all the traits that belong to the dog-kind."

The clerk said he had already done this. And putting on his glasses began to read: "First. All dogs are flesh eaters."

"But I don't mind sharing my master's dinner, even if it is not all meat," said a pet pug to his neighbor.

"Secondly. All dogs like meat that smells, even better than fresh meat."

"Yes," said another lap dog, "I think bad meat smells much better than the scent of my lady's handkerchief."

“ Thirdly. A healthy dog can gulp down his food, and then take a quiet nap after it. He can go a long time without more food, if only supplied with plenty of good water.”

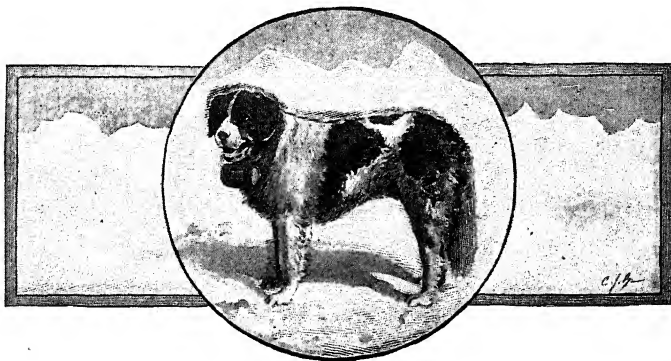
“ Quite right,” said the greyhound. “ We cannot move our jaws from side to side ; and if we could, we have no flat grinding teeth to use. Sharp jagged teeth are all we need to tear the flesh into mouthfuls. Who ever saw finer teeth than the two tusks we have on each side of our mouths ? ”

“ Fourthly. All dogs have a few stiff hairs on the sides of their face, and one on the side of the jaw.

“ Fifthly. All dogs loll out their tongues when heated, and never perspire through their skins.

“ Sixthly. All dogs walk on their toes and not on the soles of their feet.

“ And lastly. Every good dog likes to have a man for his master.” As this last note was read, every dog jumped up and barked out, “ Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah ! ”



LESSON XXVIII.

Choosing a King.

PART II.

HAVING settled this, the dogs proceeded to choose a king. The first speaker was a dignified greyhound. "I think I should be king," he said. "I am tall, strong, and good looking. I come from a breed of wolfhounds, that could master the strongest wild wolf in the world. I have slender legs and a deep chest, and I can run faster and farther than any other dog."

"I think," said the bloodhound, "you are sometimes called the gaze hound. Your sight may be very good,

but can you smell very well with that pointed nose of yours ? ”

“ No, — not very well,” stammered the greyhound ; “ my scent is not very keen, but my sight is good enough to hunt anything.”

“ No king for us who cannot smell ! ” yelped every one of the hounds. For all the other dogs value their power of scent in hunting game — the foxhound, the staghound, the bloodhound, the pointer, the setter, the spaniel, the beagle, and the harrier.

The next to make a speech was the St. Bernard, who said, “ I am a big, strong dog, and quite fit to be your king. My scent is all right. I can discover a poor traveler if he is buried ever so deep in the snow. And when I find the poor fellow, I am gentle in scraping the snow away from him.”

The dogs then began to consider these things. They all knew that what the noble St. Bernard had said was true. But they thought him too gentle to rule over a lot of rough fellows, such as lurchers and other mongrels.

The Newfoundland dog spoke next, but it was soon discovered that he seldom barked. As he could not make himself heard, he would never do for a king. The

mastiff said that he was strong and brave. Robbers dared not come when he was the watchdog on guard. The other dogs, however, thought him rather savage to reign as king.

Then up stepped a fancy dog, who smiled and bowed like a gentleman. He wore round his neck a fine blue ribbon. This silk-coated dandy said in a voice that was rather weak, "I am called the King Charles spaniel. I have kingly manners. My name is enough —"

But before he could say another word all burst out laughing at him. For King Charles spaniel was well known to be a little coward, while the larger kinds of spaniels, with feet half-webbed by a hairy fringe, were brave swimmers.

At last a wise old sheep dog spoke. "Choosing a king of dogs," he said, "is all nonsense. We may all be dogs; but we are often very unlike each other. Some of us are large and some are small. We are of different shapes and colors. Some of our coats are smooth and some rough, some silky and some wiry. Our dispositions differ also; some dogs are gentle, others savage; some brave, some cowardly; some trusty and devoted, others sullen and treacherous. Still, every dog loves

his master, and is willing to learn from him. All are ready to obey man. Let us choose him for king."

The meeting soon broke up after a loud hurrah for man; and each dog went happily home to his own master and king.

— From Longmans' "Chatty Readings in Elementary Science," Book II. By permission.



LESSON XXIX.

A Mad Tea Party.

PART I.

THERE was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice, angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity, "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on learning this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

“Come, we shall have some fun now!” thought Alice. “I’m glad they’ve begun asking riddles, — I believe I can guess that,” she added aloud.

“Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?” said the March Hare.

“Exactly so,” said Alice.

“Then you should say what you mean,” the March Hare went on.

“I do,” Alice hastily replied; “at least — at least I mean what I say — that’s the same thing, you know.”

“Not the same thing a bit!” said the Hatter. “Why, you might just as well say that ‘I see what I eat’ is the same thing as ‘I eat what I see’!”

“You might just as well say,” added the March Hare, “that ‘I like what I get’ is the same thing as ‘I get what I like’!”

“You might just as well say,” added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, “that ‘I breathe when I sleep’ is the same thing as ‘I sleep when I breathe’!”

“It *is* the same thing with you,” said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she

could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice. He had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled. "You shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily; then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again; but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked.

"It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily, "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on to its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied. "What's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied, "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand for beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons; you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner."

"I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice, thoughtfully; "but then — I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

“Not at first, perhaps,” said the Hatter; “but you could keep it at half-past one as long as you liked.”

“Is that the way *you* manage?” Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. “Not I,” he replied. “We quarreled last March — just before *he* went mad, you know —” (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare), “it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing: —

“‘Twinkle, twinkle little bat,
How I wonder what you’re at.’

You know the song perhaps?”

“I’ve heard something like it,” said Alice.

“It goes on, you know,” the Hatter continued, “in this way: —

“‘Up above the world you fly,
Like a teatray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle — ’”

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, “*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle* —” and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

“Well, I’d hardly finished the first verse,” said the Hatter, “when the Queen bawled out, ‘He’s murdering the time! Off with his head!’”

“How dreadfully savage!” exclaimed Alice.

“And ever since that,” the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, “he won’t do a thing I ask! It’s always six o’clock now.”

A bright idea came into Alice’s head. “Is that the reason so many tea things are put out here?” she asked.

“Yes, that’s it,” said the Hatter with a sigh. “It’s always tea time, and we’ve no time to wash the things between whiles.”

“Then you keep moving ’round, I suppose?” said Alice.

“Exactly so,” said the Hatter, “as the things get used up.”

“But when do you come to the beginning again?” Alice ventured to ask.

“Suppose we change the subject,” the March Hare interrupted, yawning. “I’m getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story.”

“I’m afraid I don’t know one,” said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

“Then the Dormouse shall!” they both cried. “Wake up, Dormouse!” And they pinched it on both sides at once.

LESSON XXX.

A Mad Tea Party.

PART II.

THE Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice. "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well —"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked, "they'd have been ill."

“So they were,” said the Dormouse ; “*very* ill.”

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on, “But why did they live at the bottom of a well?”

“Take some more tea,” the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

“I’ve had nothing yet,” Alice replied in an offended tone, “so I can’t take more.”

“You mean, you can’t take *less*,” said the Hatter; “it’s very easy to make *more* than nothing.”

“Nobody asked *your* opinion,” said Alice.

“Who’s making personal remarks now?” the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this, so she helped herself to some tea and bread and butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. “Why did they live at the bottom of a well?”

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, “It was a treacle well.”

“There’s no such thing!” Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went “Sh! sh!” and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, “If

you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly; "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse, indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know —"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter; "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him. The March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change, and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so

she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle well — eh, stupid?"

"But they were in the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse, — "well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M —".

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze, but on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: " — that begins with M, such as mousetraps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness — you know you

say things are ‘much of a muchness’ — did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness? ”

“Really, now you ask me,” said Alice, very much confused, “I don’t think — ”

“Then you shouldn’t talk,” said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear. She got up in great disgust, and walked off. The Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her. The last time she saw them they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

“At any rate, I’ll never go *there* again!” said Alice, as she picked her way through the wood. “It’s the stupidest tea party I ever was at in all my life!”

— From “Alice in Wonderland,” by LEWIS CARROLL.



LESSON XXXI.

Standing-Elk.

ON the upper Cheyenne¹ River, under the gray bluffs, is the village of Touch-the-Cloud. Don't imagine there are streets with trees and frame cottages. Only two or three low log houses, plastered with mud, appear as black spots on the landscape, which is lightened by the white tents dotted here and there.

Down near the sandy river banks are fringes of cottonwood trees, whose leaves glisten and shimmer in the sunlight. Browsing on the hillsides are the herds of ponies and cattle which give occupation and livelihood to the people. A group of people is gathered around the largest of the tents. Wagons are coming up and down the road. It is the home of Touch-the-Cloud.

The tall chief rises as we approach, and in a manner befitting his rank shakes hands and utters a cordial "How, how!" A booth of green boughs has been erected, and under it the guests are being treated to

¹ Cheyenne (shī en').

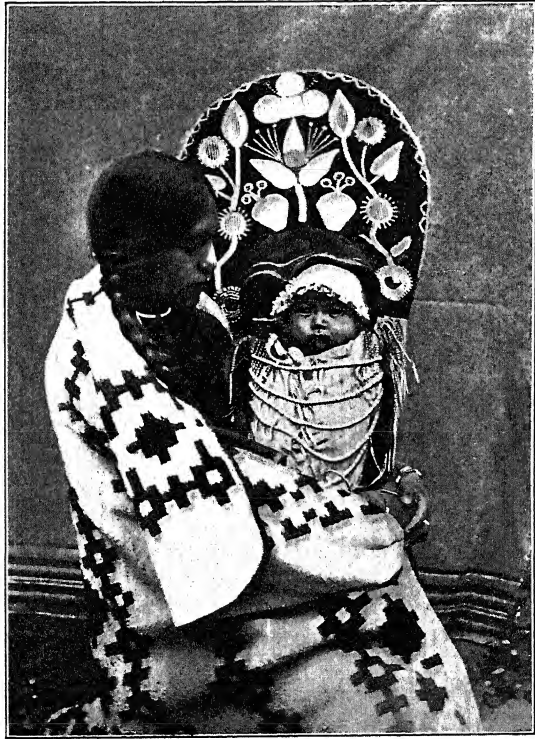
freshly killed beef. Large black pots are full of meat; long ribs are roasting in the ashes; raw liver and kidneys are greedily devoured. All eat as much as possible, and each woman is given a portion to take home.

Why is this gathering and this feasting? It is in honor of the birth of the firstborn son of Touch-the-Cloud, the chief of the village. On the morning on which the boy was born the father saw a great elk standing on the brow of a hill. With his arrow he shot the noble creature, brought it home in triumph, and gave his son the title of Standing-Elk.

We enter the tent. Seated on quilts near the door is a bright, dark-eyed woman bending lovingly over a roll in her lap. She smiles as we enter and points us to a seat on a quilt in the rear of the *tepee*. This is the place of honor in a Dakota home. Opposite to the mother, on the other side of the tent, the old grandmother busies herself mending the fire or stirring the contents of the simmering pot.

We draw nearer the mother so that we may see the baby. Such a roll of quilts, all tied securely in place by a leather string! The mother unties the bundle, and

after unwrapping quilt after quilt, a little naked baby, enjoying his freedom, begins a vigorous kicking. Such bright black eyes and black, straight hair! He looks



Amateur Photograph by Lee Moorhouse, Pendleton, Oregon.

AN INDIAN MOTHER AND CHILD.

about and laughs, but, seeing strange faces, begins to cry, as all sensible babies do.

The mother rubs and cuddles him until he stops crying and serenely gazes upon us from a distance. He is again wrapped up so snugly that no bones can be broken nor bruises given by the little girls who come visiting, and joyfully pass him about, or, mother-fashion, "pack" him on their backs.

Standing-Elk spends most of the first two years of his life on his mother's back. Tucked securely away in the folds of her shawl, he can play or sleep, no matter what his mother may be doing.

The old grandmother does all the hard work. She carries kegs of water from the river and great bundles of wood from the timber—all on her back, and sometimes the little boy rides on top of the pack. It is grandmother who tans the hides that are to be made into clothes for little Standing-Elk. But the father draws the wonderful Indian warriors and their chargers, that the mother works so gorgeously in beads on the buckskin coat and trousers that Standing-Elk is to wear. Often the history and exploits of the Dakotas are told in this way.

When Standing-Elk is old enough, his father makes a bow and arrows for him and teaches him to shoot the prairie dogs and squirrels that live on the prairies, and bring them home for food. He shows his son where the deer run; where in olden times the Indians chased the buffalo; and how he alone, of all the Dakotas, had been able to meet and slay single-handed with his knife, the fierce buffalo of the plains.

Night after night Standing-Elk listens to the old warriors as they gather around the camp fire telling wonderful stories of their prowess in war. Standing-Elk can soon tell these stories himself, and in his heart is deep seated a family pride and a warm love for his father.

Standing-Elk has many good times with the boys in the village. They try their skill to see who is the best shooter and who has the fleetest horse. They do not use one another's names, but say, in a dignified way, "Friend, let us now catch our ponies and have a race," or, "Friend, let us go to the river and swim." The most cruel insult one boy can inflict on another is to speak of him by his name. Touch-the-Cloud is now known only as "The father of Standing-Elk." His wife is "The mother of Standing-Elk."

But this beautiful life of freedom on the prairie must end. The order goes forth that all children of five and upward must start for school.

The father may choose where he will send his boy. Touch-the-Cloud says: "He shall go to the Oahe school. The teacher there is a friend of the Dakotas. He has been with us when we have hunted buffalo in the cold and icy winter. He has been our friend when the fortunes of war have turned against us. It is he who can make my boy brave and wise. In his school my son will learn the language of the 'great knives' who are coming to dwell in and around about our lands. That they may be less able to deceive us, our children must be able to speak with them in their own tongue."

The mother's wish is that of her husband, and sadly she prepares for the boy's journey to the school. Standing-Elk is radiant with delight as he starts off on his journey by the side of the big wagon. Every little while he dashes away after a prairie dog or a coyote. Sometimes he brings one down with his arrow and rides back in triumph with it.

Two days and nights on the prairie, then the treacherous Missouri—the Great Muddy, the dread of the

Dakotas — is crossed and Oahe is reached. The country is not unlike that where Standing-Elk has always lived; but the great school building, the chapel, and above all, the unfamiliar “pale faces,” are all strangely new.

Touch-the-Cloud and the mother gird up their hearts, and bidding the teachers be very gentle to their boy, they silently and sadly shake hands with Standing-Elk, thrust a paper of goodies into his hands, and start home alone.

The little Dakota girls who have been at school before are very kind to Standing-Elk, but he sets up a great wailing. “Father, come back and take me home. The little girls look at me very hard. I do not like it,” pitifully he cries out in his mother tongue.

All the girls and boys share in the work of the home, so Standing-Elk is asked to carry in the chips. But when he is left alone out he rushes on the prairie, and throwing himself face downward, cries, “O Father, come back; I want to go home!” However, his heart soon heals, and he finds pleasure in his comrades. Best of all, he likes the kindergarten songs, and at night sings himself to sleep with them. Many times a day he comes to his teachers with, —

“My heart is glad, my heart is glad!”

Summer comes, and with it Touch-the-Cloud and his wife call for their son.

Touch-the-Cloud puts his son beside him on the high seat of the big wagon. The mother sits behind on top of the tent and quilts. The last we see of Standing-Elk he is wielding the long whip and hastening the ponies on their homeward way.

—DORA B. DODGE.



LESSON XXXII.

Lohengrin.

PART I.

THE weathercock on the ancient castle at Cleve, a city in Germany, is a swan, and in the olden times the family that ruled over the lovely country around Cleve had also a swan in their crest. A beautiful story, preserved forever by Richard Wagner, is connected with it,—the story of Lohengrin.¹ Wagner has set the words to music, and made of it a lovely opera.

Long centuries ago deep sorrow dwelled within the

¹ Lō'hên grîn.

walls of the castle at Cleve. Its mistress, the Duchess Elsa, was in great distress. Her beloved husband had died, and his body had been brought to its last resting place. As soon as the tomb had closed over it, one of the late duke's servants, Telramund,¹ rose against the widow and claimed the right to reign over the country. The bold man went so far as to ask the widowed duchess to become his wife, declaring that this was the only means of her keeping the position which the death of her husband had deprived her of.

Elsa, the youthful and lovely mistress, begged her knights to assist her in her trouble and to take up arms against the rebel. But Telramund, little moved by this appeal, offered to fight in single combat with anybody who would wish to take up the quarrel with him. He well knew that, on account of his immense strength, nobody would dare to oppose him.

The days passed in deepest sorrow for the unfortunate duchess. The moment was approaching when the rebel would make bold to pronounce openly his claims before all the people on the open space before the castle. The fatal hour came. Pale, her face covered by her

¹ Tēl'ra münd.

widow's veil, her queenly form clad in mourning garments, Elsa descended from her castle. The large plain was crowded with a throng of people, and glittering with the brilliant armor of the knights.

The unfaithful servant, covered from head to foot in shining armor, came forward with bold steps, and claimed, in a loud voice, the hand and land of the duchess. The knights around, taken by his warlike appearance and the firmness of his voice, gave loud applause. Some of the crowd joined them in their cry, but most of the people looked with pity at their youthful mistress.

No answer to his first challenge having come, Telramund repeated his bold demand, offering again to fight in single combat with anybody who dared to come forward. His eyes glanced in challenge over the brilliant company of knights. He noticed with joy how they all shrank from fighting with him. Elsa looked still paler than before.

For a third time the challenge of Telramund was heard. It sounded clearly over the whole plain. But none of the bright warriors came forward to take up the combat for Elsa's sake

On the contrary, deep silence followed, and everybody's eyes were fixed on the forsaken princess, who looked, in her sad position, still more lovely. The little hope that had, till that moment, given her strength to bear her misfortune, had now entirely gone. In her utter despair she sent an earnest prayer to heaven.

On the string of beads about her neck a little silver bell was hanging, which had the wonderful gift of giving forth, whenever slightly touched, a clear, ringing sound, heard even at a great distance. In praying to God for deliverance from her trouble, she pressed to her lips the cross on her string of beads. The silver bell tinkled, and at the same moment a large barge suddenly appeared on the blue river.

When it came nearer, everybody looked with astonishment at the strange vessel. Its form was light and graceful; but what astonished the people most was that it was not moved by either oar or rudder, but was gently gliding on the blue waves, drawn by a snow-white swan. In the middle of the vessel stood a knight in shining silver armor.

Long golden locks fell from under his glittering helmet, his bright blue eyes looked boldly over the crowd

on the shore, and his hand held the hilt of his broad sword firmly.

The strange boat stopped just opposite the plain where the people were. The knight descended from the barge, giving a sign with his hand to the swan, which swam gently down the Rhine.



LESSON XXXIII.

Lohengrin.

PART II.

IN silence and awe the crowd made room for the stranger, who drew near with firm steps towards the middle of the brilliant circle, and with a solemn grace bowed to the assembly. Then he bent his knees before the duchess, and, rising, turned towards Telramund, challenging him proudly to fight with him for the hand and land of Elsa. The bold rebel's rashness seemed to fail him for a few moments, but gathering fresh courage, he tore his sword from its sheath with a loud, scornful laugh.



From the Painting by Pixis.

THE ARRIVAL OF LOHENGRIN.

The next moment the two knights darted at each other, their blades clattering in rapid succession.

The whole crowd looked in wonder at the strange knight's great skill. The combat lasted for some time, and neither of the fighters seemed to give way. Suddenly a subdued cry was heard, and at the same time the bold servant sank to the ground, pierced by the sword of him whom God had sent, and died. A great shout of joy burst from the gazing crowd, which rang from one end of the plain to the other, and was echoed by the glittering waves of the Rhine. The people rejoiced in the victory, and thought that God himself had decided the combat in favor of Elsa.

The duchess felt deeply moved. In her great joy she sank down before her deliverer with tears in her eyes. But he bade her rise, and bowing low before her asked her to become his wife. She consented gladly, and gave the victorious knight her heart and hand. All her former troubles were now forgotten.

Her thanks to her rescuer were changed into a great love, to which Lohengrin, the victorious knight, responded with tender feeling. On their wedding day Elsa had to promise her bridegroom that she would

never inquire about his name, his home, or his descent. She loved her deliverer so strongly that she took the strange oath without a moment's waiting.

Many years of joy and happiness passed, and Elsa had strictly kept the promise she had made on her bridal morning. Their happiness was made greater by three hopeful boys. They were their parents' joy, and gave promise of becoming brave knights.

One day, when the eyes of the duchess were resting with pride on her sons, her mother heart thought with grief of the solemn oath she had sworn on her wedding day.

With how much more pride would she have looked on her sons if she could have known them to be the offspring of a high and noble race! She did not doubt, however, that her beloved husband came from a most noble one. Yet the thought that his sons might never bear their father's name, nor be able to add new glories to it, was lying heavily on her mind.

The fatal question she had so long withheld burst one day from her lips, "What is thy name, and from what family dost thou come?"

When she had said the awful words the proud hero

grew pale, and, freeing himself softly from her tender embrace, he cried out in bitter grief: "Woe to thee, my beloved wife, and woe also to me. Now that thou hast asked the question thou didst swear never to ask, our happiness is gone forever. I must part from thee, never to see thee again."

A cry of grief rose from her lips, but she was unable to keep him back. Waving his hand to her in a silent farewell, her noble husband left the castle. He went to the Rhine and blew his silver horn. Its sound was echoed from the shore like a long sob. The white swan with the boat soon appeared, gliding gently over the river.

Lohengrin stepped into the boat, and soon vanished out of sight, and was seen no more. His unhappy wife could not be comforted. Her grief was so great that a short time after her health gave way, and she sank into an early grave.

Her sons became the fathers of a noble race in the country of the Rhine. Their badge is a swan. The traveler who visits Cleve will still find a tombstone in its church, with a knight carved on it, and a swan sitting at his feet.

LESSON XXXIV.

1. Block City.

WHAT are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet the sea,
There I'll establish a city for me :
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored :
Hark to the song of the sailors on board !
And see on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things !

Now I have done with it, down let it go!
All in a moment the town is laid low.
Block upon block lying scattered and free,
What is there left of my town by the sea?

Yet as I saw it, I see it again,
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the men,
As long as I live and where'er I may be,
I'll always remember my town by the sea.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From "A Child's Garden of Verses."
Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

2. The Sugarplum Tree.

HAVE you ever heard of the Sugarplum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of Lollipop Sea,
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree you will have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing ;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugarplums swing !
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below ;
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugarplums tempting you so :

You say but a word to that gingerbread dog,
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From *this* leafy limb unto *that*,
And the sugarplums tumble, of course, to the ground —
Hurrah for that chocolate cat !

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint
canes
With stripings of scarlet and gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold !

So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugarplum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

— EUGENE FIELD.

From "The Eugene Field Book."
Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



LESSON XXXV.

How the Queen Bee helped the Simpleton.

A KING once had two sons, who were thought clever; yet they wasted their time and money in folly, and were scarcely ever at home. They had a younger brother, whom they called stupid because he was quiet and simple, and they used to make sport, and mock him, and say that such a simpleton as he would never fight his way through the world, for they, with all their cleverness, found it a very hard matter.

One evening, however, they took him for a walk with them, and on their way they met with an ant hill, and the two elder brothers wanted to overturn the hill, that they might see the little ants running and creeping

about in their fright, and carrying their eggs away to a place of safety. But the simpleton said: "No, no; leave the little creatures in peace. I do not like to see them disturbed."

The brothers gave way to him, and they went on quietly till they came to a lake on which a large number of ducks was swimming, and the brothers wished to catch one or two for roasting; but the simpleton said: "Leave the poor birds in peace; I cannot endure that you should kill any of them."

So the ducks were left to live, and the three brothers walked on again till at length they came to a bees' nest in a tree, with so much honey that it ran over on the trunk. The two brothers wanted to light a fire under the tree to smother the bees, that they might take away the honey; but the younger brother held them back: "Leave the poor insects in peace," he said. "I cannot bear to think of their being burnt."

Again they listened to him, stupid as they thought him, and the three brothers walked on till they came to a castle where in the stables stood horses of pure stone. They went all over the rooms and through the castle till they reached a door to which were three locks. The

center of this door was glass, through which one could see into the room. They looked, and saw a very old man sitting at a table. They called to him more than once, but he did not hear till they called a third time. Then he rose up, opened the three locks, and came out. Even then he said not a word, but led them to a richly prepared table, and after they had eaten and drank as much as they wished, he allowed them to remain all night, and sleep in his own chamber.

The next morning the gray old man came to the eldest brother, made signs to him to follow, and led him to a stone table, on which were engraved three sentences, the first in the following words:—

“In the wood under the moss are scattered the pearls of the king’s daughter; they are a thousand in number, and whoever can find them all in one day before the sun goes down will release the castle from its enchantment; but if he should search and not succeed before sunset, he will be turned into stone.”

The eldest brother read these words, and made up his mind to try. He searched for a whole day, but when the hour of sunset arrived, he had found only a hundred pearls, and he was turned into stone.

Then the second brother made an attempt, and began his task in the evening, so that he searched all night; but with very little more success than his brother. By sunset next day he had found only two hundred pearls; he was, therefore, turned into stone.

At last came the turn of the simpleton to seek among the moss; but he was so wretched at having to find the pearls, that he sat down on a stone and wept. As he sat there weeping, he saw coming towards him the ant king, whose kingdom and life he had saved, with five thousand of his ants, and it was not long before they had found all the pearls and piled them up in a large heap. Then they went home, scarcely waiting for his thanks; they had only intended to return his kindness.

The poor simpleton was quite overjoyed; but on returning to the castle, he found the second task awaiting him. It was to fetch the key of the princess's sleeping chamber from the bottom of the lake into which it had been thrown. So the simpleton went to the shore of the lake, wondering what he should do. But the ducks knew him in a moment, and were ready to help him, because he had saved their lives, and asked what he wanted. No sooner had he told them than

they dived to the bottom and, in a few moments, brought up the key and gave it to him.

There was still another task to perform, and the hardest of all. He had to go into the room, where the



THE DUCKS HELP THE SIMPLETON.

king's three daughters were sleeping, find out which was the youngest and the most beloved, and wake her. The sisters were exactly alike; the only thing by which they could be told apart was that before they went to sleep the eldest had eaten barley sugar, the second a little sirup, and the youngest a spoonful of honey.

But in the midst of the youth's trouble and wonder how he should find out which was the youngest daughter, in came the queen bee whose family he had saved from the fire, and she went to the mouths of the three sleepers and quickly found out by the breath of the youngest that she had eaten honey. She remained sitting on her mouth, and the youth knew by this which of the king's daughters to awaken. No sooner had he done so than the castle was disenchanted, and all who had been turned to stone went back to their proper forms.

The simple brother married the youngest daughter of the king and became king after her father's death. His brothers married her two sisters. After all, it was better to be simple and kind-hearted than clever and cruel.

— JACOB and WILLIAM GRIMM.



LESSON XXXVI.

Matches.

“**T**HOMAS! Thomas! The fire is out! Get right up and go over to neighbor Wallace's and borrow some fire.” It was a cold morning, eight degrees

below zero, and Mr. Wallace lived three quarters of a mile away. The sun would not rise for two hours; but when mother called, the boys at once obeyed.

Thomas hurriedly dressed, snatched a shovel which was standing by the hearth, and hastily shutting the outside door, ran as fast as he could to the nearest neighbor's. Of course he hurried, for was not mother all dressed and not a bit of fire in the house? The fire must have died down too much the evening before; and although the coals had been carefully covered with ashes before father and mother went to bed, mother could not find a tiny spark anywhere under the ashes in the morning.

Thomas kept up his run until he was tired, and then fell into a brisk walk. When he reached neighbor Wallace's, he was glad to warm his numbed fingers over the raging fire in the fireplace. But he knew that he must not stop long, so he stated his errand, and Mrs. Wallace placed some live coals on his shovel and thoroughly covered them with ashes. Thomas rested a moment longer and then hastened home; for if those coals should be out when he reached the house, he would have to make the trip over again.

This disaster did not befall him, however, and soon his mother had placed the coals on the hearth and had laid upon them a few shavings. These kindled at once; small sticks were soon ablaze, and in a very short time the fire was burning as vigorously as the neighbor's had been.

The boys of two centuries ago fully realized what it meant to have the fire go out. Perhaps the nearest neighbors were not always so far distant, but it was no pleasant task to be sent for coals any distance on a winter morning. If, however, no neighbors were near and coals could not be borrowed, how under circumstances like these could a new fire be kindled? If we wanted a fire nowadays, we might say, "Strike a light," because we should obtain the light by striking a match; but, before matches were invented, the expression used would probably have been, "Rub a light."

An early method of producing a light, and from this a fire, was by rubbing two sticks together. If this process be continued long enough, the wood will become heated, and sparks will fly off. Then, in order to start the fire, it is only necessary to catch one of

these sparks upon something that will burn easily. This method was used thousands of years ago, and is still common among the savages in various parts of the globe. This seems simple enough, but if you try it you will find that it is no easy task. It requires considerable muscular power to “rub a light” from

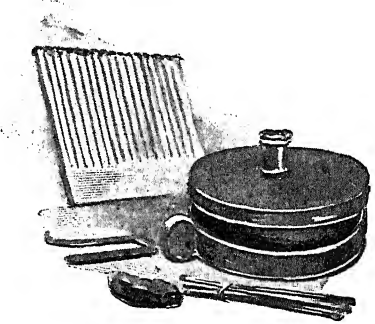
two sticks of wood, and almost any other process is preferable.



USING A BOW-DRILL.

The most important thing in this method of kindling a fire is the rapidity with which the sticks are rubbed together. Some one of the savages, more keen than the others, discovered that he could save labor and at the same time increase the rapidity with which the stick moved. He took his bow and twisted the cord once around a stick. Then he placed one end on a piece of wood and, by moving the bow back and forth, twisted the stick with great rapidity. Soon the shavings which he had placed at the point of contact were ablaze. Little by little this drill was improved, and now among some of the Indians it furnishes an easy way of kindling a fire.

Most children have seen a spark caused by the shoe of a horse striking a stone in the road. Sometimes, if one stone strikes another, a spark is produced. All this was perceived even in the earliest times, and the best substances to be used became well known. The stone called flint was found to be the best for one of the two substances, and steel is usually preferred for the other. When steel and flint strike each other, if a spark falls upon some vegetable matter, a fire is soon kindled.



TINDER BOX, FLINT, AND MATCHES.

Perhaps the most common substance used to catch the spark was touchwood, a soft, decayed wood carefully broken into small fragments. After a time, in place of the touchwood, tinder was used, which was made by scorching old linen handkerchiefs. Later the tinder box was invented, in which a steel wheel was spun like a top upon a piece of flint set in tinder. After the discovery of gunpowder, flint and steel were used in guns. A hammer of flint struck an anvil of steel,

and the spark produced fell into a pan of gunpowder, causing the flash which fired the gun.

Before the American Revolution, and even into the present century, the process of kindling a fire was not a simple one. The most frequent means employed, as has been seen, was the borrowing of coals from a neighbor. Less often, recourse was had to the long and difficult process of rubbing a spark from two pieces of wood. Sometimes, among the well-to-do, the tinder box was used; but it was seldom satisfactory. For these reasons the fire was always most carefully watched; every precaution was taken to prevent it from going out. Seldom could the house be left by the whole family for any length of time, and all because of the lack of a match.

— From "American Inventions and Inventors,"
by WILLIAM A. and ARTHUR MAY MOWRY.

Small service is true service while it lasts.

Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,

Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LESSON XXXVII.

One Cent.

PART I.

THERE was once a boy who had a cent. In these days a cent is not much. When I was a boy it was a good, big, heavy piece of copper, that felt like wealth in your trousers pocket. It was an object worthy to be offered in exchange for a stick of candy; in fact, a bright, new cent was as good as a gold piece if you only thought so. Now it is a little bit of a thing, scarcely fit for anything but to be lost down a crack.

Now, the boy in this story, though he lived in the days of the small cents, had one of the splendid old kind. Perhaps, however, as a boy is, on the whole, rather more important than a cent, I had better tell you first a little about the boy.

His name was a curious one. He was called Innocent because he was born on Innocents' Day; but as he grew up the name seemed appropriate for other reasons. While he was a baby his father had died,

and he had been brought up by his mother and grandmother, — two widows living alone. The mother was an incurable invalid. The grandmother it was — a brisk and bright old lady — who took care of the house and nursed her daughter. They were very poor.

On Christmas Eve, after Innocent had gone to bed, his grandmother sat thinking. The payment of the doctor's bill had taken all the money that was left, and so there was nothing for Christmas presents or a Christmas celebration. "Poor Innocent!" thought she; "Christmas to-morrow, and his birthday three days after!" Suddenly she jumped up, opened an old trunk in a corner of the room, and took out from a corner of the trunk a box, and from a corner of the box a small package in tissue paper; and from a corner of that paper, when she had unrolled it, one cent — in short, *the cent of my story.*

* * * * *

When Innocent opened his eyes Christmas morning, his grandmother stood by his cot; and you may be sure she wished him a merry Christmas before he had time to say a word. "Now, Innocent," she added, "I'll tell you what we'll do. When you are dressed, we'll steal

in and wish mamma a merry Christmas, before she knows we are there; and after breakfast I am going to send you out to buy all the pleasure you can with this—look!” and into his little hand she dropped the shining cent.

“Why, grandmother, what is it?” he asked in surprise.

“Oh, it’s only a cent! I suppose it’s not worth more than any other kind; but somehow, I fancy it will bring you more pleasure because it has already brought me a great deal. Besides, my boy, it’s the only cent in the house, and that’s quite a remarkable fact. Very few cents can say that for themselves.”

“Well, grandmother,” said Innocent, earnestly, “whatever I buy with it I shall bring home with me, so that we can all have the pleasure together.”

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace!
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good will to man!

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

LESSON XXXVIII.

One Cent.

PART II.

AFTER breakfast Innocent set out upon his expedition after a pennyworth of pleasure. As he went, he took out of his pocket the splendid Cent and began to talk with it. "Oh, you beautiful thing," said he; "I don't believe I could buy anything half as pretty as you are! I've a great mind to keep you and not spend you at all!"

"Now, don't be foolish, Innocent," said the Cent. "You may spend me or give me away as many times as you like; I'll come back to you every time, provided you spend or give me wisely."

"How shall I know?" asked Innocent, with some anxiety. "I might be foolish the very first time, and so never see you again."

"When in doubt," said the Cent, "pitch me! *Heads* all right, *tails* all wrong!"

At the next corner there was a candy stand. Innocent looked and looked and imagined how each kind of

candy would taste, until he felt as if he had eaten them all. He took the Cent from his pocket and tossed it in the air, catching it on his hand as it fell.

Tails!

"I think I shall not buy anything just now," said Innocent.

Proceeding down the street, he came to a magnificent store. It was to be closed before long, for the proprietor and the clerks needed their Christmas as much as other people. In walked Innocent. He looked about him with awe and curiosity. So many strange and beautiful things he had never before seen, even in his dreams. Porcelain, bronze, enamel, glass, painting, sculpture, surrounded him on



INNOCENT LOOKED AT THE CANDY.

every side and almost took his breath away. Presently, however, he was disturbed in his silent admiration by the voice of the proprietor, saying kindly, "Well, my little man, what can I do for you to-day? What would you like to buy?"

Innocent looked up gravely. "Everything," said he. How the proprietor laughed!

"It *would* be funny," said Innocent, "if I could buy everything. If you please, sir, how much would *that* cost?"

"That," said the proprietor, "is worth twenty-five dollars."

"Oh!" said Innocent, adding a moment after, "twenty-five dollars is twenty-five hundred cents, isn't it?"

"Quite correct," said the proprietor, with another laugh.

"How much is *that*?" continued Innocent, pointing out a bronze statue of a knight all in armor, just going to mount a magnificent war horse.

"That," replied the proprietor, — "that is worth fifteen hundred dollars."

Innocent tried to calculate the number of cents in

fifteen hundred dollars; and he found it rather too much of a sum to be done "in his head."

"I didn't know there were so many cents in the world," he said to himself; but then a new thought occurred to him, and he asked, "Please, sir, what are they good for?"

"Good for — good for?" said the proprietor; "why, to look at."

"And may I look at them?" continued Innocent.

"Of course, of course!" said the proprietor; "at them or anything else, as long as you like."

"Well, then," said Innocent, very much interested, "what's the use of buying them?"

At this the jolly fat man laughed himself quite purple in the face.

"Oh, I know!" said Innocent, suddenly; "some boys have mothers at home that cannot come to see the beautiful things, and they buy things to take to their mothers."

"So you have a mother at home, have you?" the proprietor asked.

In answer, Innocent told him all about his mother, and his grandmother, too, and the way they lived in the

little cottage; and wound up by saying, "So you see, sir, I must have something beautiful to take home; for I promised grandmother to bring it home, and I must ask you to show me something very beautiful that will cost one cent." With that he exhibited with much pride the coin in question.

"H'm!" exclaimed the proprietor; "that's a splendid cent. You ought to get a great deal for that. I should say that what you want is two handsome teacups and saucers for them to take tea in and a handsome vase for them to put flowers in."

Thereupon he led Innocent to another part of the store, where there were regiments of vases and whole armies of teacups; and when Innocent had selected some very pretty ones, he remarked, "Now how fortunate this is! The price of these cups and that vase is just one cent!"

Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas.

—W. R. SPENCER.

LESSON XXXIX.

One Cent.

PART III.

INNOCENT thought about the matter gravely for some moments. "I don't think," said he, at last, in his earnest way, "I don't think I could find anything prettier at the price; but you know, sir, this is the first time I ever bought anything. Do you advise me to buy these or to look in some other store first?"

The jolly proprietor was awfully serious, but looked as if he would burst with hidden fun as he replied, "On the whole, I advise you to buy these. The price is reasonable, and, besides, if you buy now, you get the advantage of the discount."

Innocent didn't know anything about discount. "What is that?" said he. "I know it's over in the back part of my arithmetic; but I haven't got to it yet."

"Yes," said the proprietor; "but this is a peculiar kind of discount. We don't give it very often; but once in a year, exactly at (here he looked at the clock) eleven-twenty on Christmas morning, we allow a dis-

count to any boy who buys teacups for his mother and grandmother. All you have to do is give me the address where they live, and the goods will be sent there to-day. Besides, you get the discount wrapped in a piece of paper, and when you get out in the street you look at it. However, you mustn't come back again to ask about it. We can't be bothered too much with boys."

Innocent looked down at the Cent, which was still in his hand, and lo! that wonderful coin jumped into the air on its own account and came down with a flop, head up! He made the purchase at once, and in a few minutes was out in the street again, carrying a folded paper, which he opened on the next block—and lo! there was the Cent!

"What does it all mean?" said Innocent. "I don't see, do you?"

The Cent fairly jingled for joy—it is very hard for a cent to do all that alone, and this Cent tried it only when it was very much delighted.

"Don't you ask any questions," it replied. "Didn't I tell you I'd come back?"

Innocent puzzled and puzzled over the discount,

and as he puzzled he wandered about until he was again in front of the great store, where he had bought the teacups and the vase. He did not recognize the place, however, for it was past noon, and the windows were closed with heavy shutters, the door was shut, and the glory was all hidden from view. Down in the basement there were lights burning, and the clerks were still busy packing the goods that had been sold that morning; but this he could not see. Merely by accident, he stopped in front of the store, saying to himself, "I wonder what my Cent would tell me to do next."

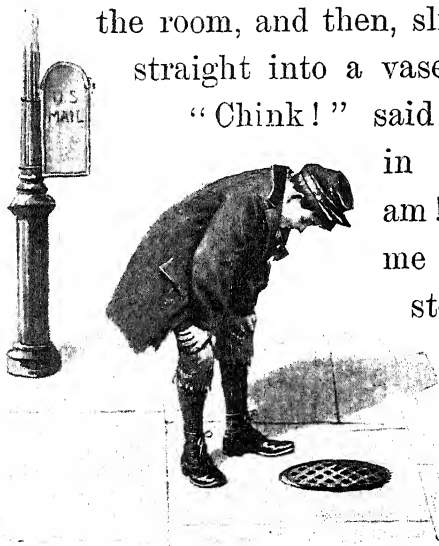
He took out that wise adviser, and saying to it, "Penny, shall I go home? Heads or tails!" tossed it up, intending to catch it as it came down. Alas, it slipped through his fingers, struck the sidewalk, jumped a little, rolled a little, and finally disappeared through a little grating, and was utterly gone.

Innocent stood a moment in despair. "What shall I say to grandmother!" he thought. Then with a sad heart he walked toward home.

Meanwhile the adventures of the Cent had been somewhat remarkable. The passage below the grating led to a sort of register in the upper corner of the base-

ment room. Directly below this register was one end of a long counter, on which stood many articles with labels attached to them, waiting to be carefully packed, and sent to their respective addresses. The Cent, arriving at the register, took one rapid look at the room, and then, slipping through, dropped straight into a vase that stood just below.

“Chink!” said the Cent, which meant in its language: “Here I am! Somebody come pick me up!” No one understood this remark or knew where it came from, so there the poor Cent had to stay.



INNOCENT STOOD A MOMENT IN DESPAIR.

In a moment more the vase containing the Cent was rolled up in several sheets of tissue paper, and neatly packed in a pasteboard box, with two teacups and saucers. Wasn't it funny that the Cent should drop into a vase that was going to the same house as two teacups and saucers?

As I said before, after Innocent lost his Cent he turned and walked slowly homeward. He wasn't in a hurry, because he felt sad. The parcels to be delivered left the store about half an hour after he turned away. *They* were in a hurry, or, I should say, the man who drove the wagon was. You see the man wanted to get home in time for his Christmas dinner, so did his horse. It happened that the wagon, the horse, the man, and Innocent's grandmother's parcel arrived at the cottage door just as Innocent was walking up the steps.

"My dear," said the grandmother, as she opened the door, "I was afraid you were not coming home at all to dinner. — What is this?" she exclaimed as she saw the parcel.

Innocent and his grandmother fairly ran with the package into the invalid's room. All three of them tried to talk at once and untie the strings of the parcel at the same time. Something rattled!

"Oh!" groaned Innocent, "something's broken! I know it's the vase!"

"Gently! gently!" said his mother, and unwrapped the tissue paper.

No! It wasn't broken! — But what rattled again? — Something inside the vase, perhaps. Could Innocent believe his eyes? "My Cent! my Cent!" screamed he.

There, looking as if it had never spoken a word in its life, was the wonderful coin. It tried to say something, but every one made such a noise that it could not be heard. However, I feel sure that it said, "Didn't I tell you I'd come back?"

— ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.
Adapted by HELEN A. FINDLAY.



LESSON XL.

Henry Hudson.

THE name of this bold sailor will be learned by every boy or girl who studies geography. Most of us know of the beautiful Hudson River, the finest stream of water in the great Empire State, New York. A noted strait and bay are named also for this hardy captain of the sea.

Hudson was English born and English bred. He sailed on the great Atlantic Ocean first in an English ship, to find a passage to far-away China. He sailed

to the northwest in the hope that he would find a way open to the Pacific across the North Pole, or not far below it. The brave captain saw mountains of ice, and he went nearer the North Pole than any one had ever done before, but he could not find the passage he was looking for.

The Dutch people in Holland heard of Hudson's voyage, and a company of merchants of that country hired Captain Hudson to see if he could find a passage to Asia by sailing to the northeast. So he sailed from Amsterdam in a vessel called the *Half Moon*. He sailed and sailed, a long distance, until at last the sailors became so tired of seeing nothing but fog and ice, that they refused to go any farther.

Then he turned his ship toward the coast of North America. He did this because his friend, Captain John Smith, had sent him a letter, with a map, which made him think that such a passage might be found. Hudson reached Chesapeake Bay, but the weather was so stormy that he did not think it safe to enter it. He sailed, instead, northward along the coast.

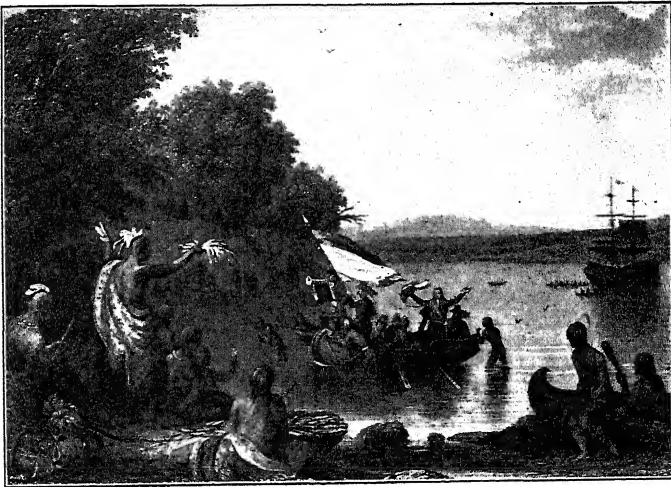
In September, 1609, he came to a beautiful bay formed by the spreading out of a noble river. At

that point the stream is more than a mile in width, and he called it the "Great River." Not far from its mouth, and on the eastern side, is a long, narrow island. The Indians called it Manhattan Island. Hudson soon noticed that the "Great River" had hardly any current, and that the tide from the ocean moved with great force into the river. This made him think it was a salt water river. Perhaps he had at last found the passage he was seeking, the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Hudson was greatly pleased with all he saw, and he said, "This is as beautiful a land as one can tread upon." He soon began to sail up the stream, wondering what he should see, and whether he should find the Pacific Ocean. First he passed the Palisades, a great natural wall of rock, from four to six hundred feet high. This extends for nearly twenty miles along the western shore of the river. Then, higher up, where the stream breaks through great forest-covered hills, he came to a place which we call the Highlands.

At the end of the fifth day he came to a point where the city of Hudson now stands. Here an Indian chief invited him to go ashore. Hudson had

found the Indians "very loving," so he accepted the invitation. In his honor the savages made a great feast. They gave him roast pigeons and a roast dog, which they cooked specially for him. They desired to set their very best before him.



From the Painting by R. A. Weir.

THE LANDING OF HENRY HUDSON.

These Indians had never seen a white man before. The English captain in his bright scarlet coat with gold lace, they thought, had come down from heaven to see them. They could not understand, however, why he had a pale face instead of a red one. When

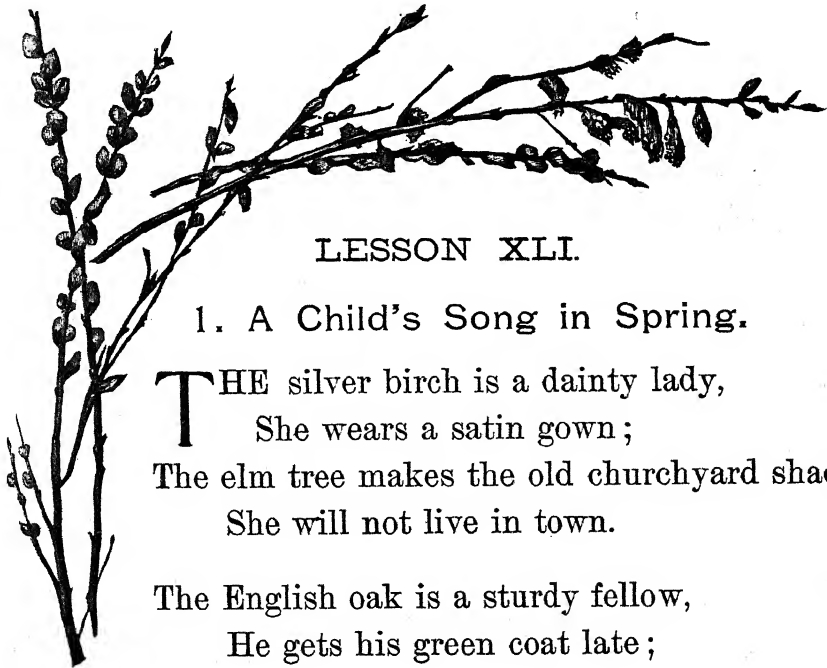
the feast was over Hudson rose to go, but the Indians begged him to stay all night. They even gathered all their arrows, broke them into pieces and threw them into the fire, to show the captain that they would not harm him.

But the brave captain made up his mind not to stay. He sailed on and on until he reached a point a hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of the river, a point where the city of Albany now stands. The water was getting less and less deep, and Hudson feared the *Half Moon* would run aground if he sailed any longer in that direction. He made up his mind he could not reach China that way.

On the way downstream a thievish Indian came out in a canoe and stole something from the ship. One of the crew, seeing the red man slyly slipping off, fired a gun at him and killed him. The Indians now became angry with the white men, and Hudson's sailors had several fights with their red foes. Early in October the captain set sail for Europe.

The next year he made another voyage, and entered that immense bay, in the northern part of America, which is named in his honor. There he

had trouble with his men. They would not stay with him during the winter. Some of them seized him, and set him, with his young son and a few others, in an open boat, and turned them adrift. Nothing more was ever heard of the hardy English sailor. The bones of this brave hero of the deep, and of his companions, probably rest at the bottom of the bay he discovered.



LESSON XLI.

1. A Child's Song in Spring.

THE silver birch is a dainty lady,
She wears a satin gown;
The elm tree makes the old churchyard shady,
She will not live in town.

The English oak is a sturdy fellow,
He gets his green coat late;

The willow is smart in a suit of yellow,
While brown the beech trees wait.

Such a gay green gown as God gives the larches —
As green as He is good !

The hazels hold up their arms for arches
When Spring rides through the wood.

— E. NESBIT.

2. The Song of the Seeds in the Spring.



LITTLE brown brother, oh ! little brown
brother,

Are you awake in the dark ?

Here we lie cosily, close to each other :

Hark to the song of the lark —

“ Waken ! ” the lark says, “ waken and dress you ;

Put on your green coats and gay ;

Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you —

Waken ! ’tis morning — ’tis May ! ”

Little brown brother, oh ! little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be ?



From the Painting by Breton.

THE SONG OF THE LARK.

I'll be a poppy — all white like my mother ;
Do be a poppy like me.
What ! you're a sunflower ? How I shall miss you
When you're grown golden and high !
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you ;
Little brown brother, good-by.

— E. NESBIT.

3. A Fable.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel ;
And the former called the latter “ Little Prig ” ;
Bun replied,
“ You are doubtless very big ;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere ;
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,

And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.'

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



LESSON XLII.

Two Lighthouse Heroines.

IF you look at the coast line of England, you will find that it is not even and regular. Here the land runs sharply far out into the water. There the water, as if in revenge, scoops out a great piece from the land for a bay or an inlet. At the extreme northern end of England is the county of Northumberland, the nearest neighbor to Scotland. The water that washes the coast is the North Sea. Off that coast is a little group of about twenty-five islands known as the Farne Islands. On one of these, early in the last century, stood the Longstone Lighthouse.

It was a solitary place. Sometimes weeks would pass without any one coming from the mainland to the lighthouse. William Darling was the keeper. He was a man of intelligence, and he had a large family of children. Among these was a daughter named Grace. Think how lonely her lot must have been on that desolate Farne island, even with her brothers and sisters.

The sea rushes with great force through the channels between the islands. Many a fine ship has been wrecked there on the cruel rocks. In 1838, a large steamer, the *Forfarshire*, struck these rocks and was broken in two within sight of Longstone Lighthouse. On board the steamer were more than forty passengers and twenty of the officers and crew. Who would go to the rescue?

There were at the time only three persons in the lighthouse, Mr. Darling, his wife, and Grace. The wind blew a gale and the waves ran high. Through the mist the keeper, with the aid of his spyglass, could make out the figures of the sufferers clinging to the broken vessel. To attempt to save them was to take one's life in his hand. The keeper shrank from attempting the rescue,

but Grace insisted that they must make the effort to save the shipwrecked from certain death.

The launching of the lifeboat was done at great risk, but it was safely accomplished. It took the efforts of all three members of the family to get the boat into the water. The father and daughter stepped into it and each took an oar. It was a heavy task to row the frail boat. One minute it was on the crest of a huge wave; the next minute it was in the hollow trough of two monster waves. Great strength and courage were needed to drive the lifeboat to the wreck.



GRACE DARLING AND HER FATHER.

At last the rescuers reached the rocks, but they found it difficult to steady the lifeboat so as to prevent the sharp rocks from destroying it. Nine persons were clinging to the broken vessel. One by one they were taken into the little boat until all were rescued. By great efforts, wonderful skill, and tremen-

dous energy, the boat was rowed back in safety to the lighthouse.

The heroic deed of Grace Darling was heralded abroad until she became known all over Europe. The lonely lighthouse was visited by thousands of curious and interested people. The Humane Society sent her a flattering vote of thanks, and a public subscription of about thirty-five hundred dollars was raised for her. Words of praise and presents of value were freely given to her, but they did not spoil her. They produced only a sense of wonder and grateful pleasure in the mind of Grace Darling.

This story does not stand alone in the history of lighthouses, for it has been matched many times in our own country. Ida Lewis is probably the most famous lighthouse heroine in America. Her father kept the Limestone Lighthouse at the entrance to the harbor of Newport, Rhode Island. Early in life Ida became skilled in rowing and swimming.

One day, when she was only eighteen years of age, four young men were upset from a boat in the harbor. Ida quickly launched her own skiff, pushed off, rescued them, and brought them in safety to the shore.



A LIGHTHOUSE.

At another time three drunken soldiers had stove a hole in their boat not far from the lighthouse. Two swam ashore and Ida arrived in season to save the third. Two years later a sheep was being driven down the wharf when the animal plunged into the water. Three men running along the shore in pursuit found a boat and pushed out after the sheep. A heavy wind was blowing from the southwest and the boat was soon carried into deep water. Ida Lewis, in spite of the high wind, rowed out in her little skiff and brought them all safely ashore.

One winter a foolish young man stole a sailboat from the wharf and put out to sea. At about midnight the gale drove the boat upon the Limestone rocks a mile from the light. The young man clung to the mast all night. In the morning brave Ida found him shaking with cold and fright, and praying to be set on shore. She took him from his place of peril to one of safety.

The fame of her rescues soon spread far and wide. Her praises were sung in the newspapers, and her name became a household word. In order to show how much they thought of her bravery, the citizens of Newport presented her with a fine boat. It would seem that a

life in a lighthouse, shut in by the solid walls of the little tower high above the raging sea, fosters courage, strength, and fortitude. The heart seems to grow used to an heroic forgetfulness of self.

— Adapted from “American Inventions and Inventors,”
by WILLIAM A. and ARTHUR MAY MOWRY.



LESSON XLIII.

The Fir Tree.

PART I.

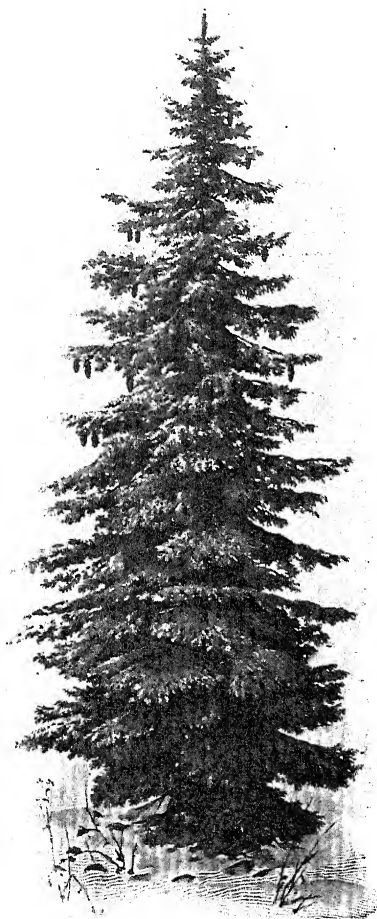
FAR down in the forest, where the warm sun and the fresh air made a sweet resting place, grew a pretty little fir tree; and yet it was not happy. It wished very much to be tall like its companions — the pines and firs which grew around it. The sun shone, and the soft air shook its leaves, and the little peasant children passed by, but the fir tree heeded them not.

Sometimes the children would bring a large basket of raspberries or strawberries, and seat themselves near the fir tree, and say, “Is it not a pretty little tree?” which made it feel more unhappy than before. And

yet all this while the tree grew a notch or joint taller every year; for by the number of joints in the stem of a fir tree we can tell its age.

Still, as it grew, it said, "Oh! how I wish I were as tall as the other trees, then I would spread out my branches on every side, and my top would overlook the wide world. I should have the birds building their nests on my boughs, and when the wind blew, I should bow like my tall companions." The tree was so unhappy that it took no pleasure in the warm sunshine, the birds, or the rosy clouds that floated over it morning and evening.

Sometimes, in winter, when the snow lay white on the ground, a hare would come springing along, and



THE FIR TREE.

jump right over the little tree ; and then how it would feel ! Two winters passed, and when the third arrived, the tree had grown so tall that the hare had to go round it. Yet it was unhappy, and would say : “ Oh, if I could but keep on growing tall and old ! There is nothing else worth caring for in the world ! ”

In the autumn, as usual, the woodcutters came and cut down several of the tallest trees, and the young fir tree, which was now grown to its full height, shook in fear as the noble trees fell to the earth with a crash. After the branches were lopped off, the trunks looked so slender and bare, that they could scarcely be recognized. Then they were placed upon wagons, and drawn by horses out of the forest.

“ Where were they going ? What would become of them ? ” The young fir tree wished very much to know ; so in the spring, when the swallows and the storks came, it asked : “ Do you know where those trees were taken ? Did you meet them ? ”

The swallows knew nothing ; but the stork, after a little thought, nodded his head and said : “ Yes, I think I do. I met several new ships when I flew from Egypt, and they had fine masts that smelt like fir. I think

these must have been the trees ; I assure you they were stately, very stately."

"Oh, how I wish I were tall enough to go to sea," said the fir tree. "What is this sea, and what does it look like?"

"It would take too much time to explain," said the stork, flying quickly away.

"Rejoice in thy youth," said the sunbeam ; "rejoice in thy fresh growth, and the young life that is in thee."

And the wind kissed the tree, and the dew watered it with tears ; but the fir tree regarded them not.

Christmas time drew near, and many young trees were cut down, some even smaller and younger than the fir tree, who enjoyed neither rest nor peace with longing to leave its forest home. These young trees, which were chosen for their beauty, kept their branches, and were also laid on wagons and drawn by horses out of the forest.

"Where are they going?" asked the fir tree. "They are not taller than I am ; indeed, one is much less ; and why are the branches not cut off ? Where are they going ?"

"We know, we know," sang the sparrows ; "we

have looked in at the windows of the houses in the town, and we know what is done with them. They are dressed up in the most splendid manner. We have seen them standing in the middle of a warm room, and covered with all sorts of beautiful things, — honey cakes, gilded apples, playthings, and many hundreds of wax tapers.”

“And then,” asked the fir tree, trembling through all its branches, “and then what happens?”

“We did not see any more,” said the sparrows; “but this was enough for us.”

“I wonder whether anything so brilliant will ever happen to me,” thought the fir tree. “It would be much better than crossing the sea. I long for it almost with pain. Oh! when will Christmas be here? I am now as tall and well grown as those which were taken last year. Oh! that I were laid on the wagon, or standing in the warm room, with all that brightness and splendor around me! Something better and more beautiful is to come after, or the trees would not be so decked out. Yes, what follows will be grander and more splendid. What can it be? I am weary with longing. I scarcely know how I feel.”

“Rejoice with us,” said the air and the sunlight.
“Enjoy thine own bright life in the fresh air.”

But the tree would not rejoice, though it grew taller every day; and, winter and summer, its dark green foliage might be seen in the forest, while passers by would say, “What a beautiful tree!”



LESSON XLIV.

The Fir Tree.

PART II.

A SHORT time before Christmas, the unhappy fir tree was the first to fall. As the ax cut through the stem, the tree fell with a groan to the earth, forgetting all its thoughts of happiness, in sorrow at leaving its home in the forest. It knew that it would never again see its dear old companions, the trees, nor the little bushes and many colored flowers that had grown by its side; perhaps not even the birds.

Neither was the journey at all pleasant. The tree first recovered itself while being unpacked in the courtyard of a house, with several other trees; and it heard

a man say, "We only want one, and this is the prettiest."

Then came two servants in grand livery, and carried the fir tree into a large and beautiful apartment. On the walls hung pictures, and near the great stove stood great china vases, with lions on the lids. There were rocking chairs, silken sofas, large tables covered with pictures, books, and playthings worth a great deal of money, at least the children said so.

Then the fir tree was placed in a large tub, full of sand; but green baize hung all around it, so that no one could see it was a tub, and it stood on a very handsome carpet. How the fir tree trembled! "What was going to happen to him now?"

Some young ladies came, and the servants helped them to adorn the tree. On one branch they hung little bags cut out of colored paper, and each bag was filled with sweetmeats; from other branches hung gilded apples and walnuts, as if they had grown there; and above, and all around, were hundreds of red, blue, and white tapers, which were fastened on the branches. Dolls, exactly like real babies, were placed under the green leaves, — the tree had never seen such things

before, — and at the very top was fastened a glittering star, made of tinsel. Oh, it was very beautiful!

“This evening,” they all exclaimed, “how bright it will be!”

“Oh, that the evening were come,” thought the tree, “and the tapers lighted! then I shall know what else is going to happen. Will the trees of the forest come to see me? I wonder if the sparrows will peep in at the windows as they fly? Shall I grow faster here, and keep on all these ornaments during summer and winter?”

But guessing was of very little use; it made his bark ache, and this pain is as bad for a slender fir tree as headache is for us. At last the tapers were lighted, and then what a glistening blaze of light the tree presented! It trembled so with joy in all its branches, that one of the candles fell among the green leaves and burnt some of them.

“Help! help!” cried the young ladies, but there was no danger, for they quickly put out the fire. After this, the tree tried not to tremble at all, though the fire frightened him; he was so anxious not to hurt any of the beautiful ornaments.

And now the folding doors were thrown open, and a troop of children rushed in as if they would upset the tree; they were followed more slowly by their elders. For a moment the little ones stood silent, and then they



"A TROOP OF CHILDREN RUSHED IN."

shouted for joy, till the room rang, and they danced merrily round the tree, while one present after another was taken from it.

"What are they doing? What will happen next?" thought the fir. At last the candles burned down to the branches and were put out. Then the children came to plunder the tree.

Oh, how they rushed upon it, till the branches cracked, and had it not been fastened with the glistening star to the ceiling, it must have been thrown down. The children danced about with their pretty toys, and no one noticed the tree, except the children's maid, who came and peeped among the branches to see if an apple or a fig had been forgotten.

"A story, a story," cried the children, pulling a little fat man toward the tree.

"Now we shall be in the green shade," said the man, as he seated himself under it, "and the tree will have the pleasure of hearing also, but I shall only relate one story. What shall it be? 'Ivede-Avede,' or 'Humpty Dumpty,' who fell downstairs, but soon got up again, and at last married a princess."

"'Ivede-Avede,'" cried some. "'Humpty Dumpty,'" cried others, and there was a fine shouting and crying out. But the fir tree remained quite still, and thought to himself, "Shall I have anything to do with all this?" but he had already amused them as much as they wished. Then the old man told them the story of "Humpty Dumpty," how he fell downstairs, and was raised up again, and married a princess.

The children clapped their hands and cried, "Tell another, tell another," for they wanted to hear the story of "Ivede-Avede"; but they only had "Humpty Dumpty." After this the fir tree became quite silent and thoughtful; never had the birds in the forest told such tales as "Humpty Dumpty," who fell downstairs, and yet married a princess.

"Ah! yes, so it happens in the world," thought the fir tree. He believed it all, because it was told by such a nice man. "Ah! well," he thought, "who knows? perhaps I may fall down too, and marry a princess;" and he looked forward joyfully to the next evening, expecting to be again decked out with lights and playthings, gold and fruit. "To-morrow I will not tremble," thought he. "I will enjoy all my splendor, and I shall hear the story of 'Humpty Dumpty' again, and perhaps 'Ivede-Avede.'"

The tree remained quiet and thoughtful all night. In the morning the servants and the housemaid came in. "Now," thought the fir, "all my splendor is going to begin again." But they dragged him out of the room and upstairs to the garret, and threw him on the floor, in a dark corner, and there they left him.

“What does this mean?” thought the tree, “what am I to do here? I can hear nothing in a place like this,” and he leant against the wall, and thought and thought.



LESSON XLV.

The Fir Tree.

PART III.

AND he had time enough to think, for days and nights passed and no one came near him, and when at last somebody did come, it was only to put away large boxes in a corner. So the tree was as completely hidden from sight as if it had never lived.

“It is winter now,” thought the tree, “the ground is hard and covered with snow, so the people cannot plant me. I shall be sheltered here I dare say, until spring comes. How thoughtful and kind everybody is to me! Still I wish this place were not so dark, as well as lonely, with not even a little hare to look at. How pleasant it was out in the forest while the snow

lay on the ground, when the hare would run by, yes, and jump over me too, although I did not like it then. Oh! It is terribly lonely here."

"Squeak, squeak," said a little mouse, creeping toward the tree; then came another and they both sniffed at the fir tree and crept between the branches.

"Oh, it is very cold," said the little mouse, "or else we should be so comfortable here, shouldn't we, you old fir tree?"

"I am not old," said the fir tree; "there are many who are older than I am."

"Where do you come from? and what do you know?" asked the mice. "Have you seen the most beautiful places in the world, and can you tell us about them? and have you been in the storeroom, where cheeses lie on the shelf, and hams hang from the ceiling? One can run about on tallow candles there, and go in thin and come out fat."

"I know nothing of that place," said the fir tree, "but I know the wood where the sun shines and birds sing." And then the tree told the little mice all about his youth. They had never heard such an account in their lives; and after they had listened to it they said,

“What a number of things you have seen! you must have been very happy.”

“Happy!” cried the fir tree, and then as he thought upon what he had been telling them, he said, “Ah, yes! after all, those were happy days.” But when he went on and told all about Christmas eve, and how he had been dressed up with cakes and lights, the mice said, “How happy you must have been, you old fir tree.”

“I am not old at all,” replied the tree; “I only came from the forest this winter, I am now checked in my growth.”

“What splendid stories you can tell,” said the little mice. And the next night four other mice came with them to hear what the tree had to tell. The more he talked the more he remembered, and then he thought to himself: “Those were happy days, but they may come again. Humpty Dumpty fell downstairs, and yet he married a princess; perhaps I may marry a princess too.” And the fir tree thought of the pretty little birch tree that grew in the forest, which was to him a very beautiful princess.

“Who is Humpty Dumpty?” asked the little mice. And then the tree told the whole story. He could

remember every single word, and the little mice were so delighted with it, that they were ready to jump to the top of the tree. The next night a great many more mice came, and on Sunday two rats came with them; but they said it was not a pretty story at all, and the little mice were very sorry, for it made them also think less of it.

“Do you know only one story?” asked the rats.

“Only one,” replied the fir tree; “I heard it on the happiest evening in my life; but I did not know I was so happy at the time.”

“We think it a very poor story,” said the rats. “Don’t you know any story about bacon or tallow in the storeroom?”

“No,” replied the tree.

“Many thanks to you then,” replied the rats, and they marched off.

The little mice also kept away after this, and the tree sighed and said: “It was very pleasant when the merry little mice sat round me and listened while I talked. Now that is all past too. However, I shall think myself happy when some one comes to take me out of this place.”

But would this ever happen? Yes, one morning people came to clear out the garret; the boxes were packed away, and the tree was pulled out of the corner, and thrown roughly on the garret floor; then the servant dragged it out upon the staircase, where the daylight shone. "Now life is beginning again," said the tree, rejoicing in the sunshine and fresh air.

Then it was carried downstairs and taken into the courtyard so quickly that it forgot to think of itself, and could only look about, there was so much to be seen. The court was close to a garden, where everything looked blooming. The linden trees were in blossom, while the swallows flew here and there, crying, "Twit, twit, twit, my mate is coming," but it was not the fir tree they meant.

"Now I shall live here," cried the tree, joyfully spreading out its branches; but alas! they were all withered and yellow, and it lay in a corner among weeds and nettles. The star of gold paper still stuck in the top of the tree and shone in the sunshine.

In the same courtyard two of the merry children were playing who had danced round the tree at Christmas, and had been so happy. The youngest saw the

gilded star, and ran and pulled it off the tree. "Look what is sticking to the ugly old fir tree," said the child, treading on the branches till they cracked under his boots.

And the tree saw all the fresh, bright flowers in the garden and then looked at itself, and wished it had remained in the dark corner of the garret. It thought of its fresh youth in the forest, of the merry Christmas evening, and of the little mice which had listened to the story of "Humpty Dumpty." "Past! past!" said the old tree; "oh, had I but enjoyed myself while I could have done so! but now it is too late."

Then a lad came and chopped the tree into small pieces, till a large bundle lay in a heap on the ground. The pieces were placed in a fire under the copper, and they quickly blazed up brightly, while the tree sighed so deeply that each sigh was like a little pistol shot. Then the children, who were at play, came and seated themselves in front of the fire, and looked at it, and cried, "Pop, pop."

But at each "pop," which was a deep sigh, the tree was thinking of a summer day in the forest, or of some winter night there, when the stars shone brightly; and

of Christmas evening, and of "Humpty Dumpty," the only story it had ever heard or knew how to relate, till at last it was all burnt.

The boys still played in the garden, and the youngest wore the golden star on his breast, with which the tree had been adorned during the happiest evening of its life. Now all was past; the tree's life was past, and the story also, — for all stories must come to an end at last.

— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.



LESSON XLVI.

Mamma's Story.

"MAMMA," said Edna May, "I wish you would tell me a story like the one Cousin Fred was telling Harry last evening."

Cousin Fred was a college student who was spending his summer vacation with the Morse family. The evening before he had been telling, for Harry's benefit, an old Greek story. Edna May had overheard it, and it pleased her. The next day, as she had tired of riding her bicycle, and the day had grown warm, she begged for another story.

“What shall I tell you about?” asked her mother. “Your Cousin Fred told Harry of the fight between the giant Titans¹ and Zeus,² the great Greek god, and the other dwellers on Mount Olympus.³ The Olympians, you remember, won because Zeus called to his help the makers of thunderbolts and earthquakes. Would you like another story like that?”

“No,” answered the little girl; “stories about fighting and war are what boys like. A very few of that kind will please girls. I liked that story because it was new, but I would rather hear another kind now.”

“Then,” said her mother, “let me tell you about Demeter,⁴ or Ceres,⁵ as she was called. She was supposed, in olden times, to be the goddess of the earth, who brought forth countless fruit. All the grapes, and apples, and vegetables, and the grains of different kinds, were under her charge. The growth of the grain was her special care. All the products of plant life important to men were under the watchful eye of this imaginary goddess. The people of Greece, who called her Demeter, and those of Rome, who called her Ceres, held her in the highest reverence.”

¹ Tī'tans.² Zūs.³ Ō lŷm'pūs.⁴ Dē mē'tēr.⁵ Ćē'rēs.

“Why, mamma, you do not mean that they worshiped her, do you?”

“Yes, my dear. This was before the time when these people had a knowledge of the true God. Then they paid divine honors to many deities. These ancient people noticed how the seed left in the ground brought forth a new plant and new seed. It was very strange to them to see life spring up. They thought seeds and plant life must be under the care of some god or goddess. They believed that Demeter was the kind and good goddess who protected all plant life.”

“How strange all this seems!” exclaimed Edna May.

“Yes,” replied her mother, “it does seem strange to us, but it did not to those people of olden times. They thought, too, that Demeter was the first one to teach men how to farm and raise crops. She was the source of the blessings which wait upon the patient labors of the farmer. She taught him how to plow, and thus secure large crops.

“Another curious belief was that she had a daughter, Persephone¹ by name. The daughter was married to

¹ Pěrs sěph'ō nē.



DEMETER.

one of the gods of the underworld. The mother wished very much to have the daughter remain with her on Mount Olympus. This could not be. So it was arranged that the daughter should stay half the year with her mother, on earth, and the other half with her husband, in the lower world."

"That seems very odd, too," cried Edna May; "what does it all mean?"

"Just this," answered her mother. "In the spring the weather begins to grow warm and the rain falls, to help prepare the earth to bud and blossom for the harvest. During the summer the growing of the plant life goes on; but when autumn comes, it is time for the gathering in of the crops. In winter the earth lies at rest. Now these people thought that in spring and summer the mother and daughter were together helping all the trees and plants to grow and bear fruit. In autumn, when the work was done, the daughter went to the lower world to remain until the following spring. Like the seed in the earth, she was passing her time with the god of the lower world."

"What a beautiful story!" exclaimed Edna May; "is there any more of it?"

“Yes, there is more,” replied her mother. “We notice the decay that comes in autumn, the falling of the leaves, and the stopping of growth. This, to the ancients, seemed to tell a story of the many and great changes that come to all of us in this life. Persephone leaving her mother to go to the underworld was like death. But the story suggests hope. New life springs from the dying seed, and a real life will follow after death.”

“But you have not told me yet how the Greeks and the Romans worshiped this imaginary goddess,” said Edna May.

“Not yet, but I will tell you now, and that will bring my story to an end. The bare stubble fields at harvest time reminded the worshipers of Demeter of the loss of her daughter. Harvest festivals were then held. One lasted from the ninth to the thirteenth of October, and was celebrated only by married women.”

“Why was that?” inquired the little girl.

“Because it was thought that only mothers could sympathize with Demeter in the loss of her daughter. Persephone was a very beautiful child. At the beginning of the festival Demeter was hailed as the

mother of this great beauty. Then this joy gave way to cries of the deepest grief at the loss of her daughter. At night rough sports and drinking took place. A lesser festival took place in the spring when the earliest flowers appeared."

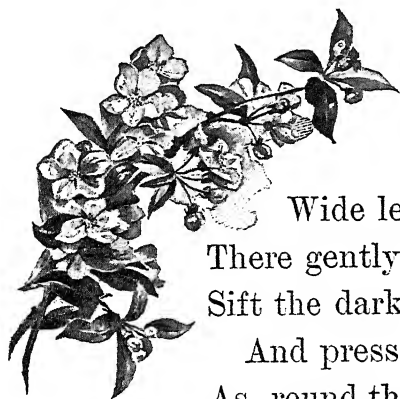
"What do you suppose Demeter looked like, mamma?" questioned Edna May.

"Well, of course I never saw her," replied her mother. "But we have some pictures of her on painted vases, and there is a famous statue of her in the British Museum in London. The statue represents her as seated, draped, and with a veil falling from the back of her head. On the vases she is pictured as seated in a low car. On her head she wore a corn measure, as a symbol of the fertility of the earth. In her hand she held ears of corn and poppies. Cows and pigs were offered to her in sacrifice."

"That is a very interesting story, mamma. I am glad, though, that I am alive now. I know that it is God who sends us all these great gifts, and not the goddess Demeter, who never really lived at all."

LESSON XLVII.

The Planting of the Apple Tree.



COME, let us plant the
apple tree.

Cleave the tough greensward
with the spade ;

Wide let its hollow bed be made ;

There gently lay the roots, and there

Sift the dark mold with kindly care,

And press it o'er them tenderly,

As, round the sleeping infant's feet,

We softly fold the cradle sheet ;

So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree ?

Buds, which the breath of summer days

Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;

Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,

Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest ;

We plant, upon the sunny lea,

A shadow for the noontide hour,

A shelter from the summer shower,

When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,

Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,

The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this little apple tree?

“Who planted this old apple tree?”
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:

“A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple tree.”

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LESSON XLVIII.

Louis's Magi.

PART I.

IT was the winter of 1793 and the night before Christmas. The snow had been falling for three days. The sky was dark and cloudy; even at midday one could hardly see. The earth was covered with a silent whiteness. The fields, the roads, the hills, had disappeared.

Suddenly, in that dreary waste, the figure of a man was seen, followed by another, and that by a third. The men advanced slowly, in single file, between the two rows of trees which outlined the road.

"Shall we never get there?" said one of them, as he stopped for a moment to stamp the snow from his boots.

The one who walked ahead answered without turning his head: "Have patience; I am certain we are in the neighborhood. We shall be there in less than a quarter of an hour."

They wore jackets of sheepskin, trousers fastened at the knee, and gaiters of leather. On each man's breast,

half hidden in the woolly sheepskin, was a heart of red cloth, emblem of the Royalists. They all carried muskets.

“Hold, master!” continued the man who appeared to be the guide; “this time I am sure we are at the farm of Keralzy. The house is not a hundred steps farther on.”

They advanced slowly and with difficulty through the deep snow. From a group of stunted elms a flock of crows started. They hovered over the place for a moment, then disappeared in the darkness.

“Quiet! here are the walls.” With hands on the side of the house they felt for the door.

“Here,” said the guide in a low voice. The other two lowered their guns. Then all three stood still and listened. Not a sound. The house seemed to be empty.

“The birds have given a warning of our approach,” said he whom they called “master.” “I fear he has escaped. In any case, knock.”

The fist of the guide struck the oak panel of the door, and a dull, hollow sound echoed through the house. In a minute a faint, childish voice called, “Yes, yes, I am coming, I will open the door.”

A bolt creaked, a key turned in the lock, and the door was partially opened. The three men slipped into the house. In the deep darkness a feeble voice was heard.

"Pardon me, I did not expect you so soon. My mother told me you would arrive exactly at midnight. But there are some embers on the hearth; we can soon have a good fire. I will light a candle right away."

As the flickering flame of the candle lit up the room, the men saw, kneeling on the hearthstone in front of the fire, a little boy who smiled sweetly at them.

"If you are willing," he said, "I will go to bed



THE COMMANDER LIFTED HIM IN HIS ARMS.

again, for I have been ill since the beginning of the winter." Seeing that the three men looked at him pityingly, he added, "I shall get well when the warm weather comes, but the cold freezes me."

He stepped up on a footstool and tried to climb into the high bed which was built in one corner of the room. The commander of the little band lifted him in his arms and placing him on the bed, gently covered him. His two followers looked on with astonishment.

The child whispered his thanks. "You are good. You are so good," he said, and grasping the man's hand he kissed and patted it lovingly.



LESSON XLIX.

Louis's Magi.

PART II.

THE fire burned brightly on the hearth. The child slept. The chief of the band seated himself by his companions. "This adventure is like no other," he said. "I arrived meaning to arrest the father, and I have been putting the child to sleep. Boishardy play-

ing nurse! Our friends would refuse to believe it. But that boy with his large, bright eyes, and sad little voice has filled me with pity. How old do you think he is? Surely not more than a dozen years. By the way, what was that he said when we entered?"

The guide repeated the child's words. "He expected us, but not until midnight," murmured Bois-hardy; "that is strange. What story has his mother been telling him? When he awakens I will question him.

"In the meanwhile, let us search the house for the father. Light the lantern," he ordered, addressing the third soldier.

Noiselessly they went through the house, opening closet doors, raising the lids of trunks, and carefully examining every obscure corner. From the house they went to the barn, where they found one cow, then to the stable, in which was a solitary horse; but of the man they sought, the farmer of Keralzy, they found not a single trace.

Two weeks before, one of their comrades, pursued by the "Blues," as the National soldiers were called, had taken refuge at the farm. For two days he had

been safely guarded at Keralzy. But the promise of a reward to any one who should deliver a Royalist to the National Convention, proved too strong a temptation to the countryman. He had given up his guest to the police. For this deed the secret committee of the Royalists had ordered his arrest. The task of capturing this man who had betrayed his friend for gold, had been given to Boishardy and his two followers.

Now the three men sat by the brightly burning fire, waiting for the little boy to awaken. The child soon opened his eyes, and looked at his three visitors as if to assure himself they had not vanished during his short sleep.

“Are you suffering, little one?” asked Boishardy, kindly.

“Oh, no, not more than usual, but I was afraid you had gone.” After a pause he added, “If you desire to eat, there is a loaf of bread in the closet and some cold meat.”

Boishardy thanked the lad and begged that he would answer a few questions.

“As many as you desire,” said the child, joyfully.

“Did you not say that you were expecting us? Do you, then, know who we are?”

“Certainly, yes, our good minister has often told me your story. I have not forgotten. I know your names well.”

“Ah! what are they, if you please?”

“Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar,” said the boy, all in one breath, as if he were reciting something learned by heart.

“The poor child! He thinks we are the Wise Men of the East,” murmured Boishardy.

“Your mother told you that we would come, did she? How had she the courage to leave you alone, sick as you are?”

“The times are hard, and we are not rich. For some time she has been obliged to go out every night with my father. They go to the manor house, half a league from here. They pass the night stripping flax. It is hard work,” he continued; “they do not return until daybreak. It is a trouble to my mother. She weeps each night when she kisses me good night.

“This evening I heard them say, ‘I am sure they are on the road.’ I asked, ‘Who?’ and my mother replied, ‘Do you not know that the night before Christmas God’s messengers are on the road? If they

come, be gentle, open the door to them without fear. You will see what they will bring you!’ Think how happy I was when I heard you knock!”

“And you think we have brought you gifts?”

“Otherwise, why should you come? If you knew how many years I have watched for you in vain! I have put my best pair of shoes in the corner of the fireplace, and the next morning have found in them nothing but straw. I began to believe that Keralzy was not on your road.

“The other children of my age have shown me their toys and the pretty things which the Wise Men brought them. I, alone, had nothing. I wept, not so much because I had nothing, as because I was forgotten.

“My mother tried to console me. ‘Dry your eyes, little Louis; you will see that next year the messenger of the good God will bring you a new coat, blue as the heavens, with buttons of pearl as brilliant as the stars.’ But I shook my head. I had no hope.”

The poor little fellow stopped speaking. He was very tired. Before he fell back on his bed, he murmured, “Say, shall I not have it this time, the blue coat with the pearl buttons?”

Boishardy raised himself with a bound. A kind of heroic goodness changed the face of the hardy adventurer. There were tears on his cheeks. He looked at his watch; it was ten o'clock.

Turning to the boy, he said, "If you sleep quietly until morning, the coat will be on the foot of the bed." He was gone. The dull sound of a horse's feet on the snow was heard for a moment, then all was once more silent.



LESSON L.

Louis's Magi.

PART III.

THE city was on the other side of a cove that the ocean had dug into the rocks and which the waves visited only at high tide. Boishardy rode across this cove instead of going around it.

Suddenly horse and rider felt the soil sinking under them. Boishardy groaned. It was high tide. He pressed his knees into the flanks of his half-drowned beast, then leaning forward on the horse's neck, seized

one of its ears between his teeth. Under this savage attack the horse reared with a cry of pain and fright. "Saved!" cried Boishardy.

They touched the other side. At the tavern of the Wolf's Head the horse was cared for and the master had something to eat. Then, turning to his astonished host, he asked, "Do you know a good tailor?"

"Certainly," replied the man.

"Let us go to him at once."

The merchant at first feared that his midnight purchaser was a pirate, but the sight of a handful of gold coins made him change his mind. Yes, he had a boy's coat, a beautiful blue one of the finest cloth. The buttons, it is true, were not of pearl, but it would take but a minute to change them. A bargain was soon made, and Boishardy left the tailor's, taking with him not only the coat, but a vest and a pair of trousers.

On his way back to the tavern he passed a confectioner's. Here he filled his pockets with sticks of licorice, sugar plums, and tiny candy bottles full of sweet sirup.

Between the black heavens and the white earth Boishardy galloped. In the eastern sky there was a

break in the heavy clouds, and a faint light was seen, a promise of coming day.

This time the cavalier was able to cross the cove without danger; but on the opposite side another peril awaited him. Lights twinkled on every side. The horse, frightened, refused to advance.

“You are caught!” cried voices.

Boishardy drove his spurs so furiously into the sides of the horse that the beast gave a great bound and started off at full speed.

“The horse! aim at the horse!” cried some one. Bullets whistled around him, but Boishardy was unhurt.

In the meantime, at the farm of Keralzy nothing had changed; it was the same snowy desert, the same silence brooded over all. At the door Boishardy was met by his two followers. He went into the house and opened his package. The child still slept, his face turned toward the wall. Boishardy placed on the bed, one by one, the gifts which he had brought. Bending over the little one, he kissed him tenderly; then giving himself a slap on the forehead, he said, “Now, Boishardy, bid adieu to your crown as King of the Magi. Your short reign is over.”

He rejoined his companions. "Let us go," he said; "the child has saved the father."

A little later in the day the child said to his mother: "If you could have seen him, mamma, his figure was so grand and so beautiful. I had no trouble in telling which was Balthazar. The two others, although they were kings, too, had the air of being his servants. But the gifts, mamma, look at my gifts! They more than make up for all the Christmas days when I had nothing."

— From the French.

LESSON LI.

Abraham Lincoln.

PART I.



DURING the time when our country was engaged in the great Civil War, Abraham Lincoln was President. Although he had attended school for a few months only, he was a great student, and he listened carefully to what was said about slavery, and other great questions. He was very tall, and of great strength. His honesty and

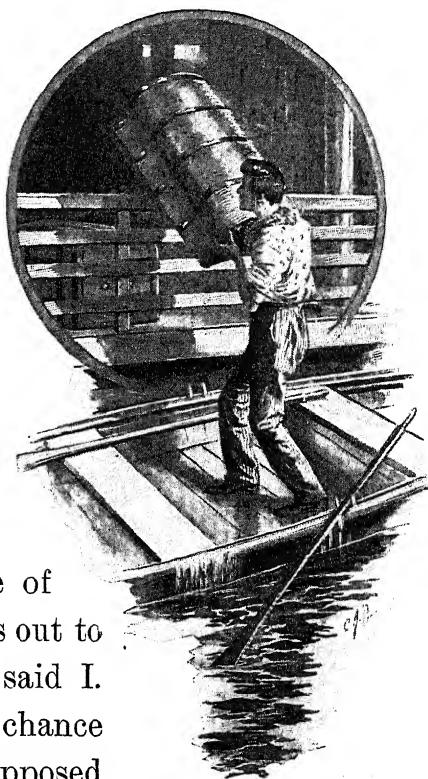
good name for fair dealing were well known to all who knew him. He was very fond of sports, and took part in contests of strength. Very few people thought of the tall, ungainly boy as a future President. But during the years of his boyhood and young manhood, he was working and thinking and getting ready for his great task. The people liked him and chose him for several offices before they elected him for President. Many good stories are told about him.

A story was told by Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Seward and a few friends one evening in the White House in Washington. The President said, "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?" "No," replied Mr. Seward. "Well," continued Mr. Lincoln, "I had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell.

"After much labor, I got the consent of my mother to go, and built a little flatboat, large enough to take a barrel or two of things that I had gathered, with myself and little bundle, down to the southern market. A steamer was coming down the river. There were, you know, no wharves on the western streams; and the

custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, and the steamer would stop and take them on board.

“I was thinking of my new flatboat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger, or improve it in any way, when two men came down to the shore in carriages with trunks. They looked at the different boats, picked out mine, and asked, ‘Who owns this?’ I answered somewhat modestly, ‘I do.’ ‘Will you,’ said one of them, ‘take us and our trunks out to the steamer?’ ‘Certainly,’ said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each of them would give me two or three bits; that is, ten or fifteen cents.



EARNING HIS FIRST DOLLAR.

“The trunks were put on my flatboat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out

to the steamboat. They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me.

“Each of them took from his pocket a silver half dollar, and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me a trifle; but it was one of the greatest things in my life. I could scarcely believe that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day; that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time.”



LESSON LII.

Abraham Lincoln.

PART II.

AS a boy and as a man, Abraham Lincoln had a sense of honor, uprightness, industry, and a strong love of knowledge.

In his great desire to learn, young Lincoln had borrowed of Mr. Crawford, a neighboring farmer, a copy of Weems's "Life of Washington," the only one in that region of country. Before he had finished reading the book, it had been left, by an oversight, in a window. Meantime, a rainstorm came on, and the book was so thoroughly wet as to make it nearly worthless. This mishap caused him much pain; but he went, in all honesty, to Mr. Crawford with the damaged book, told of what had happened through his neglect, and offered, not having the money, to "work out" the value of the book.

"Well, Abe," said Mr. Crawford, after thinking it over, "as it's you, I won't be hard on you. Just come over and pull fodder for me for two days, and we will call our account even."

The offer was accepted at once, and the work was done as agreed.

An amusing incident happened while Lincoln was "riding the circuit," which gives a pleasant glimpse into the good lawyer's heart. The law courts were held at different places, and the judges and lawyers traveled from town to town to attend court. Lincoln was riding

by a deep slough, in which, to his great pain, he saw a pig struggling, and with such faint efforts that it was certain he could not get himself out of the mud. Mr. Lincoln looked at the pig, and the mud which held him, and then looked at the new clothes in which he had but a short time before clad himself.

He decided against the claims of the pig, and rode on, but he could not rid his mind of the sight of the poor brute, and, at last, after riding two miles, he turned back, his mind made up to rescue the animal at the expense of his new clothes. He arrived at the spot, coolly tied his horse, and went to work to build of old rails a passage to the bottom of the hole. He stepped on these rails, seized the pig, and dragged it out. His new clothes, though, were nearly ruined.

Washing his hands in the nearest brook and wiping them on the grass, he mounted his gig and rode along. He then looked into his conduct to discover what sent him back to the release of the pig. At the first thought it seemed to be pure good will, but at length he came to believe that it was selfishness, for he certainly went to the pig's relief in order (as he said to the friend to whom he told the story) to "take a pain out of his own mind."

LESSON LIII.

The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse.

PART I.

ONCE on a time there were two Mice,
And one lived in the town;
She frizzed her hair about her forehead,
And wore a flowered gown.
Her finger nails were pink and polished,
And tastefully were placed
A black-heart sunflower on her shoulder
And a hollyhock at her waist.

At peep of dawn, one day in summer,
She opened her eyes to see
Whether it rained or whether it shone,
Or what the weather might be;
For the city heats were fierce and trying,
And she had planned to spend,
If it were fair, a day in the country
With the other Mouse, her Friend.

There was no cloud in all the heavens,
Nor mist, nor fleck, nor stain,
Nor any possible fear of shower
Unless blue sky could rain.
So with reticule of Russia leather
And a white lace parasol,
She left her room in the kitchen cupboard
And scampered along the hall.

Out on the coolly sprinkled pavement
Pattered her bits of feet:
But one lone cart awoke the echoes
Upon the slumbering street
As on she sped, with whisk and rustle,
Timid, and yet elate,
With ever an eye for a cat on the railing,
Or a dog at the wayside gate.

She reached the country; the road was dusty,
The mayweeds bitter and white,
Yet under their shade her way she made
Safely and out of sight.

On either side were fields of barley,
Of wheat and oats and rye,
And they nodded their bearded heads together
And whispered as she passed by.

She reached the house of her Friend, and found it —
Ah, what sort of a house,
That she should come so far to visit it,
She, a high-bred Mouse?
Only a shanty of leaves and grasses
Thatched with a roof of straw;
And though there were beams and shelves and crannies,
No bric-a-brac she saw.

A bed of thistle silk, with a pillow
Of dandelion down,
Was there, 'tis true, and as fine as the finest,
She ever had seen in town;
And her Friend was very glad to greet her,
Indeed, although she wore
Such funny clothes, and of such a fashion
As never was seen before:

A long checked apron, a huge sunbonnet,
A pair of leather shoes,
And a dress whose waist and sleeves and collar
Seemed a mile too loose.
And though in the meadow the spotted lilies
Grew tall above the grass,
And the wild sunflowers along the fences
Shone as yellow as brass,

And in the marshes and low wet places
The cardinal flowers burned red,
As if some wildwood thing were wounded
And here its blood was shed;
Yet the little Rustic, content and simple,
Had never thought to wear
A flaming blossom, a corn-silk tassel,
Or a cockle in her hair!

Humble she was, nor vain in the least,
But open of heart and hand,
And she welcomed her Friend and spread her table
With the best in all the land:

Corn in the milk, ripe wheat and oats
In sheaths of silver green,
With sour sorrel and clover tops
Tucked temptingly between.

Barley with beards that tickled their noses
And made them squeak and laugh,
While the dew they drank from acorn saucers
Was better than wine by half;
And while they nibbled and munched and chatted,
They had no haunting fear
That there might be poison upon the bread,
Or a prowling pussy near.

A dinner of herbs, with freedom sweetened,
What reason to complain?
Yet the Mouse from town had lofty fancies
And thought the fare was plain.
“You live but the life of ants!” she cried;
“Ah, if you’ll come with me,
You shall see the way we dine at home,
Our ease, our luxury!”

LESSON LIV.

The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse.

PART II.

STRAIGHTWAY did the little Country Mouse
Begin to long and pine
To taste for herself the great world's pleasure
In a palace grand and fine.
And so that evening the two together
Turned cityward through the dews,
The one with a white lace parasol,
The other with leather shoes.

And when to view the twinkle of lamps
Came through the twilight haze,
The Country Mouse was dazed and breathless,
And could only gaze and gaze.
But why did her Friend go hiding, skulking
Under the broad stone walk?
And why did she whisper, "Hush, oh, hush!"
Whenever she tried to talk?

They reached the mansion, heated and hungry ;
The wide rooms blazed with light,
But they shunned the beautiful marble staircase,
Keeping well from sight,
And entered, without a hint of welcome,
Through a chink in the cellar wall,
And sought the dingy corner cupboard
Off from the kitchen hall.

“No doubt, dear friend, you’re nearly famished,
But we have supper late.
Besides, there are guests — I hear the music —
And we shall have to wait,”
Said the hostess to her country cousin,
Who, glad of so fine a chance,
Cried out, “I am not so very tired ;
Suppose we join the dance !”

The Town Mouse shrieked in actual horror
At anything so rash,
“They would hunt us down with cane and poker
And kill us in a flash !

And think of the cat and her four kittens!

And the savage terrier too! —

The only way we can get our supper
Is after the rest are through.”

Their watch began, their bright eyes peeping

Out from the veriest chink,

Parching with thirst and faint with hunger,

Nor able to sleep a wink ;

Indeed, the room grew gray with morning

Before they dared crawl out,

And in the now deserted places

Creep cautiously about.

To find the still half-laden tables

Was an easy matter quite,

By the glitter of glass, the sheen of silver,

And the glimmer of linen white ;

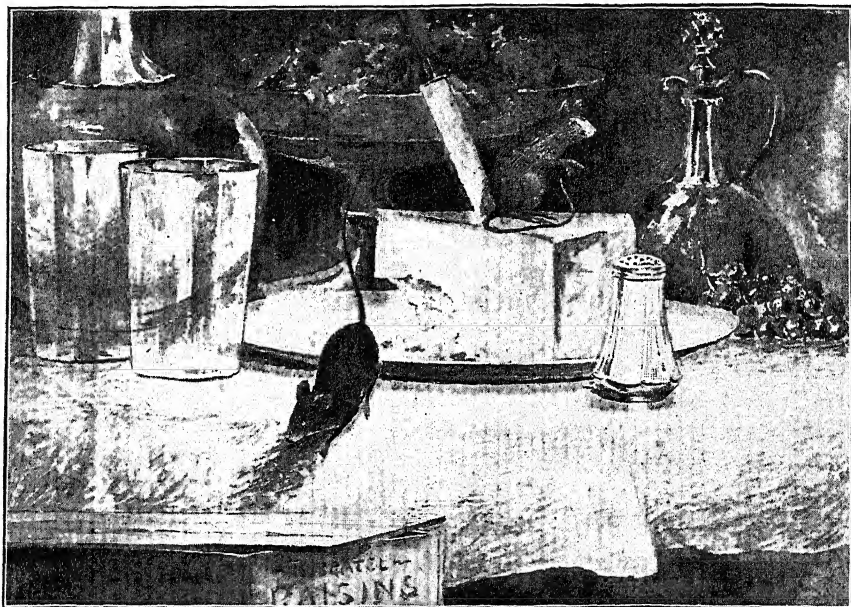
But before they tasted the tiniest morsel

They heard the creak of a door,

And with limbs a-tremble and hearts a-patter

Fled back to their crack once more.

Again and again they made a sally,
Tried stealth and stratagem,
But ever in some unlooked-for manner
New danger threatened them ;



"THEY HEARD THE CREAK OF A DOOR."

Till the Country Mouse, exhausted, starving,
Cried out in sheer despair,
"No doubt, if we could only reach it,
A bountiful feast is there !

“ But better I like my quiet hedgerows,
My roots, and leaves and grains,
For peace is there ; while in your mansion
Nothing but terror reigns ! ”
So sadly she said adieu, and slowly
Back to the country went,
To her house of weeds and her awkward fashions,
Cured of her discontent.

— CLARA DOTY BATES.



LESSON LV.

How Troy was Taken.

MANY hundreds of years ago, there was, on the coast of Asia Minor, the great and rich city of Troy. At the time of our story the king of Troy had fifty sons, all brave warriors, as kings and princes had to be in those days of many battles and wars. The bravest of these sons was Hector ; but the handsomest one was Paris.

It was this very good looking prince who caused the Trojan War. He had taken Helen, wife of the king of Sparta, from her home to Troy, to be his wife. He

made her believe that it was the will of the gods that she should leave her home and husband and be his wife. Paris also took a large quantity of gold and other valuable things from the palace of the Spartan king.

The king of Sparta was on a hunting trip when this happened; but when word was brought to him that Paris had stolen his wife, he returned at once to Sparta to take steps to avenge the base conduct of the Trojan prince. Greece was then divided into many states or kingdoms, each with its own king. The Spartan king called all the princes and kings together and told them of the outrage committed by Paris. Then he called upon them to join with him in avenging the wrong.

They all said they would do so, but before beginning the war they sent messengers to the king of Troy, demanding that he give up Helen and the stolen treasures. The Trojan king refused, and then the kings of Greece prepared for the war. Ten long years did it take them to get ready. Then in more than a thousand ships, the Greeks, one hundred thousand strong, sailed across the sea, and landed in view of the famous city of Troy.

Here for ten years was waged the great struggle known as the siege of Troy. The city had very strong

walls, and it was defended by many allies that had come from many parts of Asia to help the Trojans. There were great warriors on both sides, but one of the greatest was Ulysses,¹ on the side of the Greeks. In the last year of the war, through his skill and wisdom, Troy was at length captured.

Within the walls was a wooden statue of the goddess of wisdom. It was said to have dropped down from heaven when the founder of Troy was about to build the city. The statue was kept with great care on the spot where he built the fort to guard the city. Ulysses learned that Troy could not be taken while the statue remained within its walls, so he determined to steal it. He entered the city by deceiving the guards, who believed that he was a Greek slave escaping from his cruel master.

Helen saw and knew Ulysses in his disguise, and she had a secret meeting with him. She was now sorry she had left her home and husband in Sparta, and she longed to return. So she told Ulysses how to get the statue. Ulysses left the city without being found out, but he returned in a few days with another noted war-

¹ Ū lŷs'sēs.

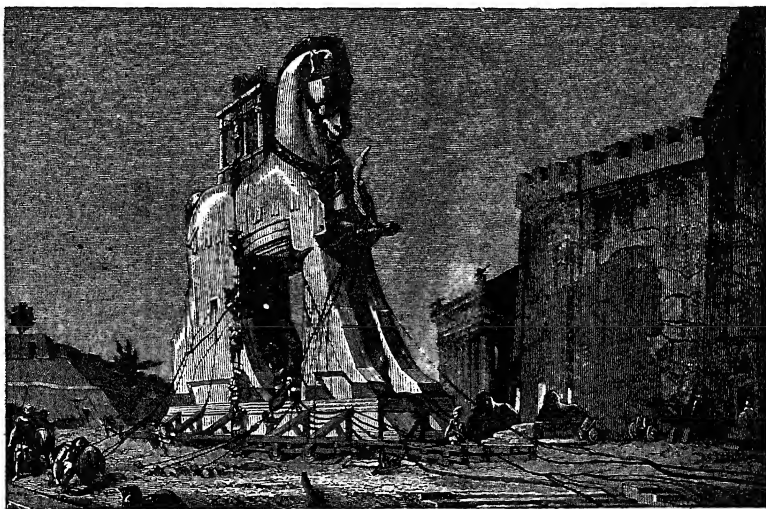
rior. They climbed over the walls at night, made their way to the fort, or citadel, found the statue, and carried it off to the Greek camp.

The sacred statue being gone, Troy no longer had the protection of the goddess. She now gave Ulysses the idea of the wooden horse, through which the city at last fell into the hands of the Greeks. This horse was of immense size, large enough for a hundred men to hide within its body. When it was completed, Ulysses and other Greek heroes went into it by a trap door on its side. The door was fastened on the outside. Then all the other Greeks sailed away in their ships, leaving the great wooden horse on the plain before the city.

Loud were the cries of joy from the Trojans when, from their walls, they saw the enemy depart forever, as they thought. The gates were at once thrown open, and the citizens, with Priam at their head, crowded out into the plain. The wooden horse soon claimed their attention, and they wondered much what it meant. Some thought it should be burned, others that it should be dragged into the city.

Just then a Greek was brought before the king. He said that he had been condemned by the Greeks

to be offered up alive to the gods, but he had fled and had hidden himself in the reeds on the river bank. The horse, he continued, was a peace offering to the



THE WOODEN HORSE.

goddess of wisdom. A soothsayer had told the Greeks to make the horse of immense size, so that the Trojans could not get it within their walls, for if they took it into their city it would protect them; but if they did it any injury, ruin would come upon the kingdom of Priam and his people. His story was believed.

With one voice the people resolved to drag the huge

figure into the city. They attached rollers to its feet, and strong ropes to its limbs, and breaking down a part of the walls, to admit it, brought it within the city. That night they went to rest after a day of feasting and rejoicing, thinking that the war was over at last. But in the dead of night this Greek opened the trap door in the wooden horse, and Ulysses with his companions came forth into the streets of Troy. A fire was lighted on the beach as a signal for the ships to return, for they had gone only a few miles. The fleet returned, and soon the city was filled with thousands of Greeks.

King Priam and his people were roused from their slumbers by the clash of arms, and the cries of the triumphant Greeks. The king and most of the male members of his family were slain without mercy. Paris had been killed some time before the erection of the wooden horse. The Greek chiefs carried off the treasures of Troy to their ships, each getting his share of the rich spoil. Then the city was set on fire, and in a few hours a mass of ruins marked the spot where once stood the proud city of Troy. The Greek king pardoned his wife Helen, and took her with him to Sparta, which, however, they did not reach for several years.

LESSON LVI.

The Golden Touch.

PART I.

Midas¹ was a king whose request that whatsoever he touched should turn to gold was granted by Bacchus. In this way even his food became gold, and it was not till he had bathed in the Pactolus² that he was relieved of the fatal gift.

ONCE upon a time, there lived a very rich man, and a king besides, whose name was Midas; and he had a little daughter, whom nobody but myself ever heard of, and whose name I either never knew, or have entirely forgotten. So, because I love odd names for little girls, I choose to call her Marygold.

This King Midas was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was made of that precious metal. If he loved anything better, or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily around her father's footstool. But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek for wealth. He thought, foolish man! that the best thing he could possibly do

¹ Mī'das.² Pāc tō'lus.

for this dear child would be to give her the largest pile of yellow, glistening coin, that had ever been heaped together since the world was made.

Thus he gave all his thoughts and all his time to this one purpose. If ever he happened to gaze for an instant at the gold-tinted clouds of sunset, he wished that they were real gold, and that they could be squeezed safely into his strong box. When little Marygold ran to meet him, with a bunch of buttercups and dandelions, he used to say: "Poh, poh, child! If these flowers were as golden as they look, they would be worth the plucking!"

And yet, in his earlier days, King Midas had shown a great taste for flowers. He had planted a garden, in which grew the biggest and sweetest roses that any mortal ever saw or smelt. These roses were still growing in the garden, as large, as lovely, and as fragrant as when Midas used to pass whole hours in gazing at them, and inhaling their perfume.

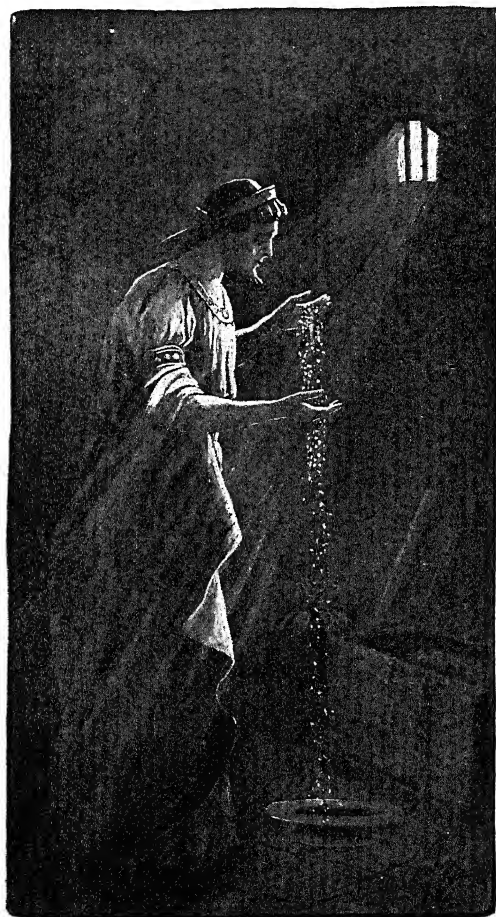
But now, if he looked at them at all, it was only to think how much the garden would be worth if each of the many rose petals were a thin plate of gold. And though he once was fond of music, the only music for

poor Midas, now, was the chink of one coin against another.

At length Midas had got to be so that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not gold. He made it his custom, therefore, to pass a large portion of every day in a dark and dreary apartment, underground, at the basement of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth.

To this dismal hole — for it was little better than a dungeon — Midas betook himself, whenever he wanted to be very happy. Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coin, or a gold cup as big as a washbowl, or a heavy golden bar, or a peck measure of gold dust, and bring them from the dark corners of the room into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the dungeon-like window.

He valued the sunbeam for no other reason but that his treasure would not shine without its help. And then would he reckon over the coins in the bag; toss up the bar, and catch it as it came down; sift the gold dust through his fingers; look at the funny image of his own face, as reflected in the bright surface of the cup; and whisper to himself, “O Midas, rich King Midas,



KING MIDAS AND HIS TREASURES.

what a happy man art thou ! ”

But it was laughable to see how the image of his face kept grinning at him, out of the polished surface of the cup. It seemed to be aware of his foolish behavior, and to have a naughty desire to make fun of him.

Midas called himself a happy man, but felt that he was not yet quite so happy as he might be. The very tiptop of enjoyment would never be reached, unless the whole world were to

become his treasure room, and be filled with yellow metal which should be all his own.

Now, I need hardly remind such wise little people as you are, that in the old, old times, when King Midas was alive, a great many things came to pass, which we should consider wonderful if they were to happen in our own day and country. And, on the other hand, a great many things take place nowadays, which not only seem wonderful to us, but at which the people of old times would have stared their eyes out.

Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure room one day, as usual, when he saw a shadow fall over the heaps of gold; and, looking suddenly up, what should he behold but the figure of a stranger, standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man, with a cheerful and ruddy face.

King Midas could not help fancying that the smile with which the stranger regarded him had a kind of golden radiance in it. Certainly there was now a brighter gleam upon all the piled-up treasures than before. Even the farthest corners had their share of it, and were lighted up, when the stranger smiled, as with tips of flame and sparkles of fire.

As Midas knew that he had carefully turned the key in the lock, and that no mortal strength could possibly

break into his treasure room, he of course thought that his visitor must be something more than mortal. It is no matter about telling you who he was. In those days, when the earth was quite a new affair, it was supposed to be often the resort of beings who used to interest themselves in the joys and sorrows of men, women, and children, half playfully and half seriously.

Midas had met such beings before now, and was not sorry to meet one of them again. The stranger's aspect, indeed, was so good-humored and kindly, that it would have been unreasonable to suspect him of thinking any mischief. It was far more likely that he came to do Midas a favor. And what could that favor be, unless to multiply his heaps of treasure?



LESSON LVII.

The Golden Touch.

PART II.

THE stranger gazed about the room; and when his lustrous smile glistened upon all the golden objects that were there, he turned again to Midas.

“You are a wealthy man, friend Midas!” he observed. “I doubt whether any other four walls, on earth, contain so much gold as you have contrived to pile up in this room.”

“I have done pretty well, — pretty well,” answered Midas, in a sad tone. “But, after all, it is but a trifle, when you consider that it has taken me my whole life to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich!”

“What!” exclaimed the stranger. “Then you are not satisfied?”

Midas shook his head.

“And pray what would satisfy you?” asked the stranger. “Merely for the curiosity of the thing, I should be glad to know.”

Midas paused and thought. He felt that this stranger had come hither with both the power and the purpose of gratifying his utmost wishes. Now, therefore, was the fortunate moment, when he had but to speak, and obtain whatever thing might come into his head to ask. So he thought, and thought, and thought, and heaped up one golden mountain upon another, in his imagination, without being able to imagine them big enough.

At last, a bright idea occurred to King Midas. It seemed really as bright as the glistening metal which he loved so much.

Raising his head, he looked the lustrous stranger in the face.

“Well, Midas,” observed his visitor, “I see that you have at length hit upon something that will satisfy you. Tell me your wish.”

“It is only this,” replied Midas. “I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble, and beholding the heap so small after I have done my best. I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold!”

The stranger’s smile grew so very broad, that it seemed to fill the room like an outburst of the sun gleaming into a shadowy dell, where the yellow autumnal leaves — for so looked the lumps of gold — lie strewn in the glow of light.

“The Golden Touch!” exclaimed he. “You certainly deserve credit, friend Midas, for striking out so brilliant a thought. But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?”

“How could it fail?” said Midas.

“And will you never regret the possession of it?”

“What could induce me?” asked Midas. “I ask nothing else, to render me perfectly happy.”

“Be it as you wish, then,” replied the stranger, waving his hand as a farewell. “To-morrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch.”

The figure of the stranger then became very bright, and Midas closed his eyes. On opening them again, he beheld only one yellow sunbeam in the room, and, all around him, the glistening of the precious metal which he had spent his life in hoarding up.

Whether Midas slept as usual that night, the story does not say. Asleep or awake, however, his mind was probably in the state of a child's, to whom a beautiful new plaything has been promised in the morning. At any rate, day had hardly peeped over the hills when King Midas was broad awake, and, stretching his arms out of bed, began to touch the objects that were within reach. He was anxious to prove whether the Golden Touch had really come, according to the stranger's promise.

So he laid his finger on a chair by the bedside, and on various other things, but was disappointed to notice that they remained exactly the same as before. Indeed,

he felt very much afraid that he had only dreamed about the lustrous stranger, or else that the latter had been making game of him. And what a miserable affair would it be, if, after all his hopes, Midas must content himself with what little gold he could scrape together by ordinary means, instead of creating it by a touch !

All this while it was only the gray of the morning, with but a streak of brightness along the edge of the sky, where Midas could not see it. He lay in a very sorrowful mood, and kept growing sadder and sadder, until the earliest sunbeam shone through the window, and gilded the ceiling over his head.

It seemed to Midas that this bright yellow sunbeam was reflected in rather a singular way on the white covering of the bed. Looking more closely, what was his astonishment and delight, when he found that this linen fabric had been changed to what seemed a woven texture of the purest and brightest gold ! The Golden Touch had come to him with the first sunbeam !

Midas started up, in a kind of joyful frenzy, and ran about the room, grasping at everything that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bedposts, and it became immediately a fluted golden pillar. He pulled

aside a window curtain to admit a clear spectacle of the wonders which he was performing; and the tassel grew heavy in his hand, — a mass of gold.

He took up a book from the table. At his first touch, it took the appearance of such a gilt-edged volume as one often meets with nowadays; but, on running his fingers through the leaves, behold! it was a bundle of thin golden plates. He put on his clothes, and was charmed to see himself in a magnificent suit of gold cloth, which retained its flexibility and softness, although it burdened him a little with its weight. He drew out his handkerchief, which little Marygold had hemmed for him. That was likewise gold, with the dear child's neat and pretty stitches running all along the border, in gold thread!

Somehow or other, this last change did not quite please King Midas. He would rather that his little daughter's handiwork should have remained just the same as when she climbed his knee and put it into his hand.

But it was not worth while to vex himself about a trifle. Midas now took his spectacles from his pocket, and put them on his nose; in order that he might see

more distinctly what he was about. In those days, spectacles for common people had not been invented, but were already worn by kings ; else how could Midas have had any? He discovered that he could not possibly see through them.

On taking them off, the glasses turned out to be plates of yellow metal, and, of course, were worthless as spectacles, though valuable as gold. It struck Midas as rather strange that, with all his wealth, he could never again be rich enough to own a pair of good spectacles.

“It is no great matter, nevertheless,” said he to himself. “The Golden Touch is worth the sacrifice of a pair of spectacles, at least, if not of one’s very eyesight. My own eyes will serve for ordinary purposes, and little Marygold will soon be old enough to read to me.”



LESSON LVIII.

The Golden Touch.

PART III.

WISE King Midas was so exalted by his good fortune that the palace seemed not large enough to contain him. He therefore went downstairs, and

smiled on observing that the balustrade of the staircase became a bar of burnished gold, as his hand passed over it in his descent. He lifted the doorlatch (it was brass only a moment ago, but golden when his fingers quitted it), and passed into the garden.

Here, as it happened, he found a great number of beautiful roses in full bloom, and others in all the stages of lovely bud and blossom. Very delicious was their fragrance in the morning breeze. Their delicate blush was one of the fairest sights in the world ; so gentle, so modest, and so full of sweet quiet, did these roses seem to be.

But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had ever been before. So he took great pains in going from bush to bush, until every individual flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold. Not a single bloom or blossom escaped his eager, searching gaze. By the time this good work was completed, King Midas was called to breakfast ; and as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite, he made haste back to the palace.

What was usually a king's breakfast in the days

of Midas, I really do not know, and cannot stop now to find out. To the best of my belief, however, on this particular morning, the breakfast was of hot cakes, some nice little brook trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and coffee, for King Midas himself, and a bowl of bread and milk for his daughter Marygold. At all events, this is a breakfast fit to set before a king; and, whether he had it or not, King Midas could not have had a better.

Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. Her father ordered her to be called, and, seating himself at table, awaited the child's coming in order to begin his own breakfast. It was not a great while before he heard her coming along the passageway crying bitterly. This surprised him, because Marygold was one of the cheerfulest little people whom you would see in a summer's day, and hardly shed a thimbleful of tears in a twelvemonth.

When Midas heard her sobs, he determined to put little Marygold into better spirits by an agreeable surprise; so, leaning across the table, he touched his daughter's bowl (which was a china one, with pretty figures all around it), and changed it to gleaming gold.

Meanwhile Marygold slowly opened the door, and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

“How now, my little lady!” cried Midas. “Pray what is the matter with you, this bright morning?”

Marygold, without taking the apron from her eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the roses which Midas had so recently changed.

“Beautiful!” exclaimed her father. “And what is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?”

“Ah, dear father!” answered the child, as well as her sobs would let her, “it is not beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever grew! As soon as I was dressed I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you, because I know you like them, and like them the better when gathered by your little daughter. But, O dear, dear me! What do you think has happened? Such a misfortune! All the beautiful roses, that smelled so sweetly and had so many lovely blushes, are blighted and spoilt! They are grown quite yellow, as you see this one, and have no longer any fragrance! What can have been the matter with them?”

“Poh, my dear little girl, — pray don’t cry about

it!" said Midas, who was ashamed to confess that he himself had wrought the change which so greatly afflicted her. "Sit down and eat your bread and milk! You will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that (which will last hundreds of years) for an ordinary one which would wither in a day."

"I don't care for such roses as this!" cried Marygold, tossing it away. "It has no smell, and the hard petals prick my nose!"

The child now sat down to table, but was so occupied with her grief for the blighted roses that she did not even notice her china bowl. Perhaps this was all the better; for Marygold was accustomed to take pleasure in looking at the queer figures, and strange trees and houses, that were painted on the bowl; and these ornaments were now entirely lost in the yellow hue of the metal.

Midas, meanwhile, had poured out a cup of coffee, and, as a matter of course, the coffee-pot, whatever metal it may have been when he took it up, was gold when he set it down. He thought to himself, that it was rather an extravagant style of splendor, in a king of his simple habits, to breakfast off a service of gold, and began to

be puzzled with the difficulty of keeping his treasures safe. The cupboard and the kitchen would no longer be a secure place of deposit for articles so valuable as golden bowls and coffee-pots.

Amid these thoughts, he lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and, sipping it, was astonished to notice that the instant his lips touched the liquid it became molten gold, and, the next moment, hardened into a lump!

“Ha!” exclaimed Midas, rather aghast.

“What is the matter, father?” asked little Mary-gold, gazing at him, with the tears still standing in her eyes.

“Nothing, child, nothing!” said Midas. “Eat your milk before it gets quite cold.”

He took one of the nice little trouts on his plate, and by way of experiment, touched its tail with his finger. To his horror, it was immediately changed from a fried brook trout into a gold fish, though not one of those gold-fishes which people often keep in glass globes as ornaments for the parlor.

No; but it was really a metallic fish, and looked as if it had been very cunningly made by the nicest goldsmith in the world. Its little bones were now golden

wires ; its fins and tail were thin plates of gold ; and there were the marks of the fork in it, and all the delicate, frothy appearance of a nicely fried fish, exactly imitated in metal. A very pretty piece of work, as you may suppose ; only King Midas, just at that moment, would rather have had a real trout in his dish than this valuable imitation of one.

“I don’t quite see,” thought he to himself, “how I am to get any breakfast !”

He took one of the smoking hot cakes and had scarcely broken it when it took the yellow hue of Indian meal.

To say the truth, if it had really been a hot Indian cake, Midas would have prized it a good deal more than he did now that it was gold. Almost in despair, he helped himself to a boiled egg, which immediately underwent a change similar to those of the trout and the cake. The egg, indeed, might have been mistaken for one of those which the famous goose, in the story-book, was in the habit of laying ; but King Midas was the only goose that had anything to do with the matter.

“Well, this is a quandary !” thought he, leaning

back in his chair and looking at little Marygold, who was now eating her bread and milk with great satisfaction. "Such a costly breakfast before me, and nothing that can be eaten!"

King Midas next snatched a hot potato, and attempted to cram it into his mouth and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid metal, which so burnt his tongue that he roared aloud, and, jumping up from the table, began to dance and stamp about the room, both with pain and affright.

"Father, dear father!" cried little Marygold, who was a very affectionate child, "pray what is the matter? Have you burnt your mouth?"

"Ah, dear child," groaned Midas, dolefully, "I don't know what is to become of your poor father!"

And, truly, my dear little folks, did you ever hear of such a pitiable case in all your lives? Here was the richest breakfast that could be set before a king, and its very richness made it good for nothing. The poorest laborer, sitting down to his crust of bread and cup of water, was far better off than King Midas, whose delicate food was really worth its weight in gold.

And what was to be done? Already, at breakfast, Midas was excessively hungry. Would he be less so by dinner time? And how ravenous would be his appetite for supper, which must consist of the same sort of dishes as those now before him! How many days, think you, would he survive this rich fare?



LESSON LIX.

The Golden Touch.

PART IV.

THESE thoughts so troubled wise King Midas that he began to doubt whether, after all, riches are the one desirable thing in the world, or even the most desirable. But this was only a passing thought. So fascinated was Midas with the glitter of the yellow metal that he would still have refused to give up the Golden Touch for so paltry a thing as a breakfast. Just imagine what a price for one meal's victuals! It would have been the same as paying millions and millions of money (and as many millions more as would take for-

ever to reckon up) for some fried trout, an egg, a potato, a hot cake, and a cup of coffee.

“It would be quite too dear,” thought Midas.

Nevertheless, so great was his hunger that he again groaned aloud, and very sadly too. Our pretty Marygold could endure it no longer. She sat a moment gazing at her father, and trying, with all the might of her little wits, to find out what was the matter with him. Then, with a sweet and sorrowful impulse to comfort him, she started from her chair and, running to Midas, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter’s love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the Golden Touch.

“My precious, precious Marygold!” cried he.

But Marygold made no answer.

Alas, what had he done? How fatal was the gift which the stranger bestowed! The moment the lips of Midas touched Marygold’s forehead a change had taken place. Her sweet, rosy face, so full of affection as it had been, assumed a glittering yellow color, with yellow tear-drops on her cheeks. Her beautiful brown ringlets took the same tint. Her soft and tender little form grew

hard within her father's arms. The victim of his desire for wealth, little Marygold, was a human child no longer, but a golden statue !

Yes, there she was, with the questioning look of love, grief, and pity hardened into her face. It was the prettiest and most woeful sight that ever mortal saw. All the features and tokens of Marygold were there ; even the beloved little dimple remained in her golden chin. It had been a favorite saying of Midas that she was worth her weight in gold, and now the saying had become really true. And now, at last, when it was too late, he felt how infinitely a warm and tender heart that loved him exceeded in value all the wealth that could be piled up betwixt the earth and sky.

It would be too sad a story if I were to tell you how Midas began to wring his hands and bemoan himself, and how he could neither bear to look at Marygold, nor yet to look away from her. Except when his eyes were fixed on the image, he could not possibly believe that she was changed to gold. So Midas had only to wring his hands, and to wish that he were the poorest man in the wide world, if the loss of all his wealth might bring back the faintest rose color to his dear child's face.

While he was in this despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger standing near the door. Midas bent down his head without speaking, for he saw the same figure which had appeared to him the day before in the treasure room, and had given him this power of the Golden Touch. The stranger's countenance still wore a smile, which seemed to shed a yellow luster all about the room, and gleamed on little Marygold's image and on the other objects that had been changed by the touch of Midas.

"Well, friend Midas," said the stranger, "pray how do you succeed with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head.

"I am very miserable," said he.

"Very miserable, indeed!" exclaimed the stranger. "And how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not everything that your heart desired?"

"Gold is not everything," answered Midas. "And I have lost all that my heart really cared for."

"Ah! So you have made a discovery since yesterday?" observed the stranger. "Let us see, then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the most, — the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear cold water?"

“O blessed water!” exclaimed Midas. “It will never moisten my parched throat again!”

“The Golden Touch,” continued the stranger, “or a crust of bread?”

“A piece of bread,” answered Midas, “is worth all the gold on earth!”

“The Golden Touch,” asked the stranger, “or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving as she was an hour ago?”

“O my child, my dear child!” cried poor Midas, wringing his hands. “I would not have given that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!”

“You are wiser than you were, King Midas!” said the stranger, looking seriously at him. “Your own heart has not been entirely changed from flesh to gold. Tell me, now, do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?”

“It is hateful to me,” replied Midas.

A fly settled on his nose, but at once fell to the floor, for it, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

“Go then,” said the stranger, “and plunge into the river that glides past your garden. Take likewise a

vase of the same water, and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into its former substance. If you do this earnestly, it may possibly repair the mischief which you have caused."

King Midas bowed low, and when he lifted his head the lustrous stranger had vanished.

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher (but, alas me! it was no longer earthen after he touched it) and hastening to the riverside. On reaching the river's brink, he plunged headlong in without waiting so much as to pull off his shoes.

"Poof! poof! poof!" snorted King Midas, as his head emerged out of the water. "Well, this is really a refreshing bath, and I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. And now for filling my pitcher!"

As he dipped the pitcher into the water, it gladdened his very heart, to see it change from gold into the same good, honest earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it. He felt, also, a change within himself. A cold, hard, and heavy weight seemed to have gone out

of his bosom. Seeing a violet, that grew on the bank of the river, Midas touched it with his finger, and was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower kept its purple hue instead of undergoing a yellow blight. The curse of the Golden Touch had, therefore, really been taken from him.

King Midas hastened back to the palace, and, I suppose, the servants knew not what to make of it when they saw their royal master so carefully bringing home an earthen pitcher of water. But that water, which was to undo all the mischief that his folly had wrought, was more precious to Midas than an ocean of gold could have been. The first thing he did, as you need hardly be told, was to sprinkle it by handfuls over the golden figure of little Marygold.

No sooner did it fall on her than you would have laughed to see how the rosy color came back to the dear child's cheek, and how she began to sneeze and sputter, — and how astonished she was to find herself dripping wet, and her father still throwing more water over her.

“Pray do not, dear father!” cried she. “See how you have wet my nice frock, which I put on only this morning!”

For Marygold did not know that she had been a little



KING MIDAS SPRINKLED WATER OVER MARYGOLD.

golden statue, nor could she remember anything that had happened since the moment when she ran with outstretched arms to comfort poor King Midas

Her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had grown. For this purpose he led little Marygold into the garden, where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rosebushes, and with such good effect that above five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom.

There were two things, however, which, as long as he lived, used to put King Midas in mind of the Golden Touch. One was, that the sands of the river sparkled like gold; the other, that little Marygold's hair had now a golden tinge, which he had never seen in it before she had been changed by the effect of his kiss.

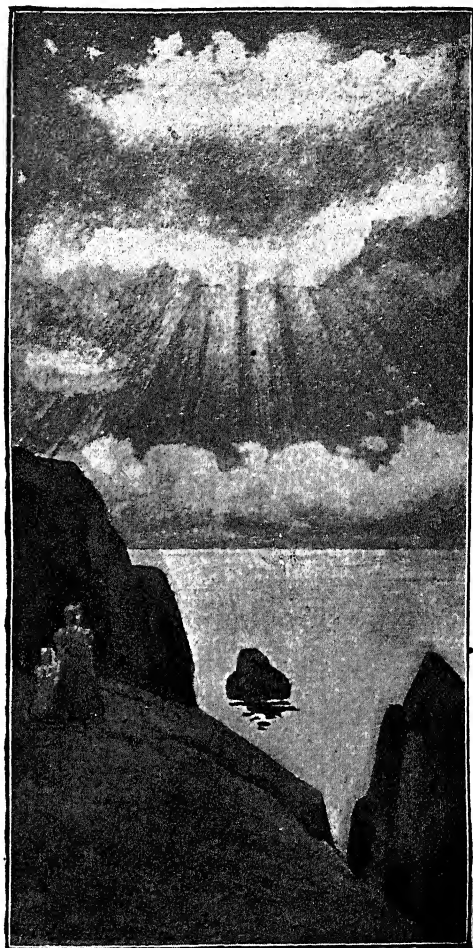
When King Midas had grown quite an old man, and used to trot Marygold's children on his knee, he was fond of telling them this marvelous story pretty much as I have now told it to you. And then would he stroke their glossy ringlets, and tell them that their hair, likewise, had a rich shade of gold which they had inherited from their mother. "And to tell you the truth, my precious little folks," quoth King Midas, "ever since that morning I have hated the very sight of all other gold save this."

— Adapted from NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

LESSON LX.

1. The Cloud.

I BRING fresh
showers for the
thirsting flowers,
From the seas and
the streams;
I bear light shade for
the leaves when
laid
In their noonday
dreams.
From my wings, are
shaken the dews
that waken
The sweet buds every
one,
When rocked to rest
on their mother's
breast,
As she dances about
the sun.



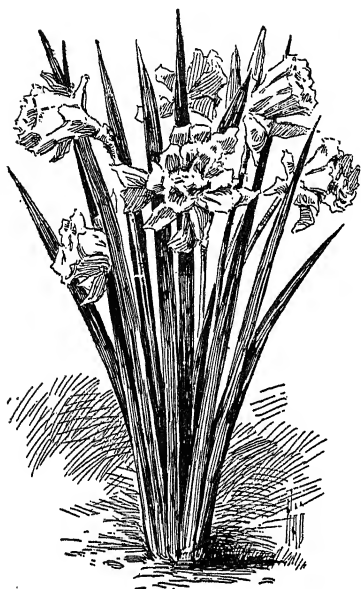
THE CLOUD.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

2. Daffy-Down-Dilly.



DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY
came up in the cold,
Through the brown mold,
Although the March breezes
blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay
on many a place.

Daffy-Down-Dilly had heard
under ground
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they burst
off their white winter
chains ;

Of the whistling spring winds and the pattering rains.

“ Now, then,” thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,

“ It’s time I should start ! ”

So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard frozen
ground,

Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her, gray clouds overhead ;

The trees all looked dead.

Then how do you think Daffy-Down-Dilly felt,

When the sun would not shine, and the ice would not melt?

“ Cold weather ! ” thought Daffy, still working away ;

“ The earth’s hard to-day !

There’s but a half-inch of my leaves to be seen,

And two thirds of that is more yellow than green !

“ I can’t do much yet, but I’ll do what I can.

It’s well I began !

For, unless I can manage to lift up my head,

The people will think that Spring herself’s dead ! ”

So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,

All clustered about ;

And then her bright flowers began to unfold,

The Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-Down-Dilly, so brave and so true !

I wish all were like you !

So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,

And holding forth courage and beauty together.

LESSON LXI.

Selection from Little Lord Fauntleroy.

PART I.

Captain Errol, third son of an English Earl, while traveling in America, married an American girl. They had one child, Cedric.¹ When the boy was very young, his father died. After this, the little one and his mother were all in all to each other, and the child, in some ways, seemed very old for his years.

He greatly enjoyed visiting and talking with Mr. Hobbs, a grocer. One day, when Cedric was in the grocery with Mr. Hobbs, he was sent for by his mother. When he reached home, he found there a tall old gentleman who called Cedric "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; and who had been telling Mrs. Errol of most wonderful plans for Cedric's future.

THERE was never a more amazed little boy than Cedric during the week that followed; there was never so strange or so unreal a week. In the first place, the story his mamma told him was a very curious one. He was obliged to hear it two or three times before he could understand it. He could not imagine what Mr. Hobbs would think of it. It began with earls: his grandpapa, whom he had never seen, was an earl; and his eldest uncle, if he had not been killed by a fall from his horse, would have been an earl, too, in time

¹Cedric.

and after his death, his other uncle would have been an earl, if he had not died suddenly, in Rome, of a fever. After that his own papa, if he had lived, would have been an earl; but, since they all had died and only Cedric was left, it appeared that *he* was to be an earl after his grandpapa's death—and for the present he was Lord Fauntleroy.

He turned quite pale when he was first told of it.

“Oh! Dearest!” he said, “I should rather not be an earl. None of the boys are earls. Can't I *not* be one?”

But it seemed to be unavoidable. And when, that evening, they sat together by the open window looking out into the shabby street, he and his mother had a long talk about it. Cedric sat on his footstool, clasping one knee in his favorite attitude and wearing a bewildered little face rather red from the exertion of thinking. His grandfather had sent for him to come to England, and his mamma thought he must go.

“Because,” she said, looking out of the window with sorrowful eyes, “I know your papa would wish it to be so, Ceddie. He loved his home very much; and there are many things to be thought of that a little boy can't quite understand. I should be a selfish little mother if

I did not send you. When you are a man, you will see why."

Ceddie shook his head mournfully.

"I shall be very sorry to leave Mr. Hobbs," he said. "I'm afraid he'll miss me, and I shall miss him. And I shall miss them all."

When Mr. Havisham — who was the family lawyer of the Earl of Dorincourt, and who had been sent by him to bring Lord Fauntleroy to England — came the next day, Cedric heard many things. But somehow it did not console him to hear that he was to be a very rich man when he grew up, and that he would have castles here and castles there, and great parks and deep mines and grand estates and tenantry. He was troubled about his friend, Mr. Hobbs, and he went to see him at the store soon after breakfast, in great anxiety of mind.

He found him reading the morning paper, and he approached him with a grave demeanor. He really felt it would be a great shock to Mr. Hobbs to hear what had befallen him, and on his way to the store he had been thinking how it would be best to break the news.

"Hello!" said Mr. Hobbs. "Mornin'!"

“ Good morning,” said Cedric.

He did not climb up on the high stool as usual, but sat down on a cracker-box and clasped his knee, and was so silent for a few moments that Mr. Hobbs finally looked up inquiringly over the top of the newspaper.

“ Hello ! ” he said again.

Cedric gathered all his strength of mind together.

“ Mr. Hobbs,” he said, “ do you remember what we were talking about yesterday morning ? ”

“ Well,” replied Mr. Hobbs, — “ seems to me it was England.”

“ Yes,” said Cedric ; “ but just when Mary came for me, you know ? ”

Mr. Hobbs rubbed the back of his head. “ We *was* mentioning Queen Victoria and the aristocracy.”

“ Yes,” said Cedric, rather hesitatingly, “ and — and earls ; don’t you know ? ”

“ Why, yes,” returned Mr. Hobbs ; “ we *did* touch ’em up a little ; that’s so ! ”

Cedric flushed up to the curly bang on his forehead. Nothing so embarrassing as this had ever happened to him in his life. He was a little afraid that it might be a trifle embarrassing to Mr. Hobbs, too.

"You said," he proceeded, "that you wouldn't have them sitting 'round on your cracker barrels."

"So I did!" returned Mr. Hobbs, stoutly. "And I meant it. Let 'em try it — that's all!"

"Mr. Hobbs," said Cedric, "one is sitting on this box now!"

Mr. Hobbs almost jumped out of his chair.

"What!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," Cedric announced, with due modesty, "*I* am one — or I am going to be. I won't deceive you."

Mr. Hobbs looked agitated. He rose up suddenly and went to look at the thermometer.



LESSON LXII.

Selection from Little Lord Fauntleroy.

PART II.

"**T**HE mercury's got into your head!" he exclaimed, turning back to examine his young friend's countenance. "*It is* a hot day! How do you feel? Got any pain? When did you begin to feel that way?"

He put his big hand on the little boy's hair. This was more embarrassing than ever.

"Thank you," said Ceddie; "I'm all right. There is nothing the matter with my head. I'm sorry to say it's true, Mr. Hobbs. That was what Mary came to take me home for. Mr. Havisham was telling my mamma, and he is a lawyer."

Mr. Hobbs sank into his chair and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"*One* of us has got a sunstroke!" he exclaimed.

"No," returned Cedric, "we haven't. We shall have to make the best of it, Mr. Hobbs. Mr. Havisham came all the way from England to tell us about it. My grandpapa sent him."

Mr. Hobbs stared wildly at the innocent, serious little face before him.

"Who is your grandfather?" he asked.

Cedric put his hand into his pocket and carefully drew out a piece of paper, on which something was written in his own round, irregular hand.

"I couldn't easily remember it, so I wrote it down on this," he said. And he read aloud slowly: "'John Arthur Molyneux Errol, Earl of Dorincourt.' That is

his name, and he lives in a castle—in two or three castles, I think. And my papa, who died, was his youngest son; and I shouldn't have been a lord or an earl if my papa hadn't died; and my papa wouldn't have been an earl if his two brothers hadn't died. But they all died, and there is no one but me, — no boy, — and so I have to be one; and my grandpapa has sent for me to come to England."

Mr. Hobbs seemed to grow hotter and hotter. He mopped his forehead and his bald spot and breathed hard. He began to see that something very remarkable had happened. But when he looked at the little boy sitting on the cracker-box, with the innocent, anxious expression in his childish eyes, and saw that he was not changed at all, but was simply as he had been the day before, just a handsome, cheerful, brave little fellow in a blue suit and red neck-ribbon, all this information about the nobility bewildered him. He was all the more bewildered because Cedric gave it with such ingenuous simplicity, and plainly without realizing himself how stupendous it was.

"Wha — what did you say your name was?" Mr. Hobbs inquired.

“It’s Cedric Errol, Lord Fauntleroy,” answered Cedric. “That was what Mr. Havisham called me. He said when I went into the room, ‘And so this is little Lord Fauntleroy!’”

“Well,” said Mr. Hobbs, “I’ll be — jiggered!”

This was an exclamation he always used when he was very much astonished or excited. He could think of nothing else to say just at that puzzling moment.

Cedric felt it to be quite a proper and suitable ejaculation. His respect and affection for Mr. Hobbs were so great that he admired and approved of all his remarks. He had not seen enough of society as yet to make him realize that sometimes Mr. Hobbs was not quite conventional. He knew, of course, that he was different from his mamma, but then, his mamma was a lady, and he had an idea that ladies were always different from gentlemen.

He looked at Mr. Hobbs wistfully.

“England is a long way off, isn’t it?” he asked.

“It’s across the Atlantic Ocean,” Mr. Hobbs answered.

“That’s the worst of it,” said Cedric. “Perhaps I

shall not see you again for a long time. I don't like to think of that, Mr. Hobbs."

"The best of friends must part," said Mr. Hobbs.

"Well," said Cedric, "we have been friends for a great many years, haven't we?"

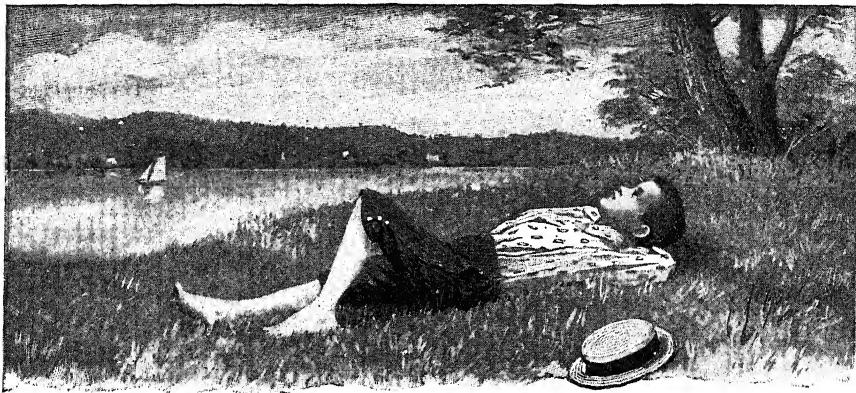
"Ever since you was born," Mr. Hobbs answered. "You was about six weeks old when you was first walked out on this street."

"Ah," remarked Cedric, with a sigh, "I never thought I should have been an earl then!"

"You think," said Mr. Hobbs, "there's no getting out of it?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Cedric. "My mamma says that my papa would wish me to do it. But if I have to be an earl, there's one thing I can do: I can try to be a good one. I'm not going to be a tyrant. And if there is ever to be another war with America, I shall try to stop it."

—FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.
Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.



LESSON LXIII.

1. A Vacation Song.

I HAVE closed my books and hidden my slate,
And thrown my satchel across the gate.
My school is out for a season of rest,
And now for the schoolroom I love the best.

My schoolroom lies on the meadow wide,
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide,
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars;

Where clusters of buttercups gild the scene,
Like showers of gold-dust thrown over the green,
And the winds' flying footsteps are traced, as they pass,
By the dance of the sorrel and the dip of the grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers, except the breeze,
Who sometimes blows, from a secret place,
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My schoolbell rings in the rippling stream
Which hides itself, like a schoolboy's dream,
Under the shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight.

My schoolmates they are the birds and bees,
And the saucy squirrel, more dull than these,
For he only learns, in all the weeks,
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget,
For wonderful lore do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

Oh, come! Oh, come! or we shall be late,
And autumn will fasten the golden gate.
Of all the schoolrooms in east or west
The school of Nature I love the best.

—KATHARINE LEE BATES.



2. Old Santa Claus.

Old Santa Claus sat alone in his den,
With his leg crossed over his knee,
While a comical look peeped out of his eyes,
For a funny old fellow is he.

His queer little cap was tumbled and torn,
And his wig it was all awry;
But he sat and mused the whole day long,
While the hours went flying by.

He had been as busy as busy can be,
Filling his pack with toys.
He had gathered his nuts and baked his pies,
To give to the girls and boys.

There were dolls for the girls and whips for the boys,
With wheelbarrows, horses, and drays,
And bureaus and trunks for Dolly's new clothes;
All these in his pack he displays.

Of candy, too, both twisted and striped,
He had furnished a plentiful store,
While raisins and figs and prunes and grapes
Hung up on a peg by the door.

"I am almost ready," quoth he, quoth he,
"And Christmas is almost here,
But one thing more — I must write a book
And give to each one this year."

So he clapped his specs on his little round nose,
And, seizing the stump of a pen
He wrote more lines in one little hour
Than you could write in ten.

He told them stories, all pretty and new,
And wrote them all out in rhyme;
Then packed them away in his box of toys
To distribute, one at a time.

And, Christmas Eve, when all were in bed,
Right down the chimney he flew,
And, stretching the stocking leg out at the top,
He squeezed in a book for you.

— From "Rhymes and Tales for Kindergarten and Nursery."

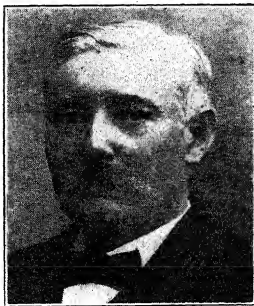
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